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# THE MIRROR

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THE  
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PEOPLE

WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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## BOODLE, SPOILS, HYPOCRISY.

BY W. M. R.

THE Republican-Populist-Lobbyist deal to carry Missouri against the Democrats "is worse than a crime; it's a blunder." It is a sheer deal in spoils; nothing else can be made of it. The people of the Republican and Municipal Ownership persuasion are left out of consideration. Six or seven bosses agree how the offices shall be parceled out. The Republican voters are betrayed into the Populist camp; the Populist voters into the Republican camp. In each case the rank and file are committed to principles repugnant to the established ideals of their party. And they are thus stultified—why? Simply in obedience to the dictates of the boss

lobbyist of Missouri, who has been "retained" in an endeavor to send to the Senate the boss political plutocrat of the State, the representative of the most brazen commercial politics known to the country. The men in the deal make a "spiel" about principles, honest elections, police tyranny and such things. It is all rot. The alliance is made to elect Mr. Richard C. Kerens to the Senate, and for no other purpose. Mr. Kerens is about as much in favor of municipal ownership and the Populist policy as George III was in favor of American Independence or Abraham Lincoln in favor of secession. Mr. Kerens does not even care for Republicanism in Missouri. His party is always a secondary incident to his own ambitions. He is a "leader" who delivers the conduct and control of his political fortunes to a professed Democrat and a confessed lobbyist, and that Democratic lobbyist directs the campaign to the exclusion of the men who have been workers for Republican purposes all their lives. Mr. Kerens has thrown down his party followers for Colonel William H. Phelps. He has thrown over his party principles to get the support of political adventurers and economic vagabonds. He has offered the Populists offices to which Republicans should be entitled and has agreed to sacrifice the best places in his party's gift to men who loathe his party. He makes his party play second fiddle to a lot of social and economic revolutionists, and those social and economic revolutionists, for the sake of spoils, are willing to desert their radical causes and comrades and support a man who stands for everything against which there is the faintest symptom of social revolt in this country. It is a symphony in treason rendered upon a pianola with Lobbyist Phelps at the pedal. It is treason by Phelps to the Democracy which made him powerful; treason by Mr. Kerens to the Republican party that made him crassly rich; treason by Mr. Meriwether to the faiths and hopes of the political radicals; treason by all of them to the principle that the people of a party should have a voice in the course to be pursued by a party and in the selection of men to represent the party. Such a deal is worse morals than a dozen Nesbit election laws, than a score of police laws. It is everything in machine politics that has been urged against the Democrats, and more. It is conceived in boodle—boodle that Mr. Kerens possesses in abundance; boodle that Mr. Phelps is always frankly out for; boodle that comes in handy to the municipal ownership Populist organization to strengthen its hold in city and State. It is spoilsism worse than police assessments, for it divides up, by agreement beforehand, every major and minor political office that may possibly be at the disposal of the combine in the event of a victory. On top of all the boodle and spoils is piled a stupendous hypocrisy. When such deals are made in the name of clean government, the effect is much the same as would be the spectacle of a pirate at prayers before making the crew of his prize "walk the plank." It is probably practical politics, but if so, it is the most insulting exhibition of belief in the efficacy of sordid motives among men that has been given since the great Walpole intimated that all men have their price. The whole scheme is a blend of boodle with false pretense. Denouncing the State's handling of the school fund, the Republicans have nominated on their ticket men who voted for the conversion of the school bonds into non-negotiable certificates of indebtedness. Railing at the Nesbit election law they enter into a deal with Populists that could not be made if the election law were as irretrievably partisan as claimed. Shrieking against police department tyranny of spoilsism, the Republicans and Populists enter into agreement as to how they will divide the spoils when they lay hands on them. Thundering against the lobby, they are led and ruled by Lobbyist Phelps. Howling about corporation money, the Republicans and Populists are financed by Mr. Kerens, a

corporationist beyond compare. All this in the name of redeeming the State from abuses and evils! All this under the clamor for honesty and virtue! It were sublime for its audacity of deceit, were it not for its idiocy. There are those of us in Missouri, who have held, and may still hold, that it would be good for this State to go Republican, but no sane person believes that it could possibly better the condition of Missouri to turn it over to such a combination as has been effected by Messrs. Phelps, Kerens and Meriwether. That would simply be to deliver the State to men who practice themselves every device of political chicane that they have alleged against their adversaries. It would be to deliver the State to Republican lobbyists; to turn the elections over to Republican adepts in trickery; to make the St. Louis police force an engine of oppression for Republican ends. Who can expect reform to come out of such a deal as here described, in which the chief conspirators are men who, clamoring about principle, sacrifice every principle they are supposed to have had in order to send to the United States Senate an ambitious man who is nothing more than a multimillionaire? If certain Republicans and Populists sell out their convictions for offices or cash, what would they not sell out? Can we expect better administration of finances, more honest elections, a less political police force from men who indulge in such practical politics as hereinabove described? The Democrats may be bad. They are not as vilely cynical in their political maneuvering as the Republican and Populists and lobbyists who are running a confidence game on the public, while posing as political purists. A change from the rule of Democracy to the rule of men like Phelps and Kerens and Meriwether would be for the infinitely worse, not for the better.

And then, after the nefarious deal has been consummated by the City Committee's majority, the minority members of that body appeal to the State Committee, and that superior body declares vacant the seats of the majority for entering upon the alliance. This is as bad as the action of the majority in making the deal. It is utterly subversive of all ideas of popular representation in party councils. The majority that made the deal in the City Committee was elected by the Republican people and not by the State Committee. The State Committee ignores the people of the party just as completely as did the majority of the City Committee in making the Phelps-Kerens-Meriwether dicker. The voters of sixteen big city wards are disfranchised as to the selection of their committeemen, and they are to be represented in the City Committee by men chosen for them by the committeemen of the minority party. Thus the opponents, in the Republican party, of the Phelps-Kerens-Meriwether dicker are playing high-handed politics just as their rivals did. There has never been any Nesbit law tyranny worse than that of the Republican State Committee. The police force under Democratic rule never threw out of office sixteen men duly elected by the voters of sixteen wards. There never was in this city such absolutely slugging, brutal, lawless tactics displayed as by both the Republican factions in the present fight. There is no more to be hoped or expected of those who claim to have smashed the Phelps-Kerens-Meriwether deal, in the way of reform, than of the men who made the deal. Those who made the deal blundered. Those who smashed the deal blundered still more. The remedy is worse than the disease. The party is hopelessly split in St. Louis, and the State of Missouri cannot be carried by the Republicans without carrying St. Louis. The Republicans are defeated two months before the day of election—defeated by their own egregious folly, by their own vicious, political practices, by their infidelity to themselves and their principles, by their boodles, spoilsism, hypocrisy and stupidity.



## REFLECTIONS.

*The World's Fair*

FOR some weeks, the MIRROR has had nothing to say about the World's Fair. There was no necessity for saying anything during the season of summer languor. But the merest tyro of an observer of events cannot have escaped the impression that the World's Fair news has been, for the period mentioned, insufferably dull. The Fair has lagged beyond all reason. The information given the public has been fatuous and flatulent. The complaint of those having business with the Fair management is that there does not seem to be anybody who dares say anything for publication, around headquarters. The subcommittees have nothing to communicate. The heads of departments are waiting for some one to get back to town before they dare say a word. The management seems footless and headless and the newspapers of the country are clamoring for information they would gladly print but cannot get. Seekers for concessions are exasperated by being staved off from day to day. Nothing seems settled. Nobody has any authority to do anything. People with business with the Fair are invariably disgusted with the system of procrastinatory reference from pillar to post. The department heads "don't know where they're at" and they're afraid to say even that much. There are symptoms of paralysis about the Fair's business and there is grave need for an enlivening of the entire project. The country wants news of World's Fair "doings" and the country is not getting that news. The Fair management must awake from its summer siesta.

*The Negro in the South*

THERE has recently been a notable convention of the Negro Young People's Christian and Educational Conference, at Atlanta, Ga. The proceedings were characterized by a remarkable maintenance of order and decorum. All the addresses delivered were temperate and sane, and marked by a spirit of unbounded optimism and confidence in the future of the black race. Mr. Booker Washington lent scholarly dignity to the proceedings, and exhorted his hearers to be patient and forbearing, and to believe in the well-meaning intentions of the whites. "Our white friends," he said, "are not our enemies, and though often the worst elements of our race bring shame upon us, they are wise enough and generous enough not to discount those of us who are honestly trying to make good citizens." Mr. Washington is an excellent type of the educated, patriotic portion of his race. In character, talent and ability he is undoubtedly a noteworthy man. His career should be sufficient to convince the most skeptical that there is something good to work upon and to develop in the negro's nature. Considering the results of about forty years of educational endeavor, there is no reason to despair of the future of the negro. The race, taken as a whole, has made progress, and would have made still more but for the drift of population to large cities. The illiterate or half-educated negro, with shaky moral foundations, should stay in the rural sections. He is out of place, and in danger, in large cities. Morally, he is considerably below his white brother. He is mightily prone to succumb to the allurements of vice. The brain of the black man, as has been proved by scientists, has not the great number of convolutions characteristic of the white's brain. It is, therefore, less prepared to withstand the strain of civilization. The average negro is still very much of an African. He is ruled by natural instincts and passion, and, therefore, needs continued assistance and guidance. Thrown back on himself, he would speedily relapse into his former savagery. There was a time when many of his white friends thought that emancipation alone would prove the salvation of the race. Such has not proved the case, however. Without the guiding hand of the white man, he would not have progressed as much as he has, if at all. At the present time, he is still the "white man's burden," and he will continue to be this for many years longer. This comparative mental and moral incompetency of the black race is well

recognized by such men as Mr. Washington and Bishop Gaines, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. It would be strange, a miracle, in fact, if the negro, considering his antecedents, his racial endowments, and his meager opportunities, had arrived at a stage, within less than forty years after the abolition of slavery, where he could discard the helping hand of his white brother. We must not forget that it took many centuries to produce our present-day civilization. The moral and intellectual growth of a race is slow; it cannot be forced, without inviting dangerous and retarding evils. It may, indeed, be, as some authorities maintain, that the black race will never be the equal of the Aryan. But that should not and must not discourage us; to achieve results we have to keep on working, no matter what difficulties we may encounter. The negro is enjoying social and political enfranchisement, or is, at least, entitled to it, and it is our duty to guide and supervise him in his efforts to lift himself up and become an intelligent and worthy citizen. Down South, politicians have adopted Constitutions and passed laws aiming at the elimination of the negro vote. In various States, educational and property tests have been provided as a prerequisite to an exercise of the right of suffrage. But it cannot be said that the better class of Southerners have lost faith in the negro. The convention at Atlanta has been unhesitatingly endorsed and encouraged in its work by some representative Southern papers. There is a queer, and yet pleasing, contrast between the bitter attacks made on a recent article which Prof. Sledd, of Emory, (Ga.,) College, contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the following expressions of the *Atlanta Constitution*: "During the past few days Atlanta has been filled with representatives of the negro race who in themselves are the best of illustrations of the possibilities for the future. After seeing them, after hearing the addresses of their leaders and noting, not only the earnestness, but the intelligence displayed in dealing with the great problem of the elevation of the race, one cannot but be optimistic with regard to the future. Earnest, God-fearing, intelligent men and women are devoting their best efforts to the betterment of their race, and they show in themselves what has been and what will be accomplished through education and the practical application of the teachings of Christianity." The race problem in the United States should not discourage or frighten anybody. It will be solved, and in an honest and intelligent manner. The United States has given the negro political liberty, and it may be relied upon to give him intellectual and moral liberty in the fullness of time.

*The Case of Sam Small*

REVEREND SAM SMALL appeared at a Prohibition meeting, in Maine, to make a speech. He was very, very drunk and had to be carried off the stage. Since then the papers of the country have denounced and ridiculed Mr. Small most unmercifully. It is unfortunately true that Mr. Small, as a Prohibitionist agitator, has been vulgar and bitter and uncharitable to those who did not believe as he did. He proclaimed himself a reformed man and rather flaunted his reformation in the faces of people who didn't think they needed reformation. It is not unnatural, therefore, that there should be some whom he has offended who take more or less pleasure in his fall. And yet, there is something to be said for Mr. Small. Any man's foot may slip. He owned up to his fault and did not try either to palliate it or excuse it. He confessed his sin and then slunk into his own sense of disgrace and degradation and kept silence. There really should be sympathy for him, rather than jeers. The man himself must feel a sense of humiliation that should alone entitle him to some kind consideration. If in his prideful days he had no kind consideration for those who could not, or would not, abstain, it is all the more to be regretted that in the day of his disgrace his own methods of argument should be turned against him. The best of us get off wrong at times and do not readily get back to the proper courses, and if Sam Small, with the record of abstinence for years, with the inducement of high standing among many good, if slightly

bigoted persons, with the distinction of the leader of a cause, could not hold out against the craving for drink, it only goes to show that we should have a little more patience with everybody who falls by the wayside. And as for Mr. Small himself, the experience with which the country is ringing may be of value as softening his mood in his future criticisms of those who stumble. A little more charity all around, even to rampageous reformers who want to force us into their particular grooves of thought and action, would be a mighty good thing; but nothing in this cry for charity is to be construed as favoring anything so foolish as the suggestion that sinners should not abide by the consequences of their acts, whether those consequences be headache or heartache.

*Look Out for Tom*

MR. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN seems to be the man behind Mr. Tom Johnson, in Ohio, and it is almost as certain as arithmetic that Mr. Tom Johnson will be a candidate before the next National Democratic convention for the Presidency.

*The Dreyfus Mystery*

THE Dreyfusade threatens to become rampant again in France. Gen. Gallifet, the cavalry-hero of the famous charge at Sedan, has dropped into the unheroic, petty role of a prevaricating accuser. He has made the assertion that the former captain of artillery, in signing his petition for pardon, had practically admitted his guilt. In reply to this, Dreyfus has written a hot-spirited protest in the columns of the *Journal des Debats*, and made the unequivocal declaration that Gallifet, as the then Minister of War, had urged him to withdraw his appeal from the Rennes verdict, so as to put a stop to the bitterness and hatred that threatened to engulf the whole French nation; that he (Dreyfus), after conferring with his brother, thought it advisable to follow Gallifet's recommendation, and thus obtained his pardon. The pardon did not, of course, clear the erstwhile prisoner of Devil's Island from the charges brought against him; it simply saved him from further punishment. Since then, Dreyfus, while living in comparative obscurity, has been making strong efforts to prove his complete innocence. It seems that this persistence at last aroused the ire of Gen. Gallifet, who retired from public life a few years ago, and that Dreyfus has, in some way or other, been treading on his toes. Hence Gallifet's assertion, Dreyfus' denial and explanation, and a revival of the unfortunate discussion. When and how it will all end, nobody cares to foretell. The great majority of Frenchmen is fully convinced of the guilt of Dreyfus, in spite of all the Esterhazy-Picquart-Reinach revelations, in spite of the pitiful technicalities on which the accused had been found guilty, and in spite of, or in defiance of, the *bordereau* forgeries of the suicide in a prison cell at the Conciergerie. Among foreign nations, however, the innocence of Dreyfus is beyond doubt. The flimsy, ridiculous nature of the charges; the almost inhuman and outrageous methods employed in obtaining and introducing evidence upon which an American jurymen would hesitate to hang a dog, and the evident efforts made by the Mercier-Zurlinden cabalists to shield a high-standing criminal, made it plain to every impartial foreigner that Dreyfus had been used as a scape-goat and was the victim of a plot to throw justice off her guard. The proceedings at the Rennes court-martial were characterized by a brutality and disregard of the most fundamental rules of judicial proceedings that outraged the sense of justice in every civilized country outside of France. Dreyfus was convicted on trumped-up charges; he suffered the tortures of the damned on a lonely, desert island off the coast of French Guiana; his family and relatives were ostracised; the mere mention of his name in France is an abomination; the shadow of the accusation of a dastardly act of treason is still overhanging him, his wife and his children,—why, then, in the name of humanity, should the unfortunate man not be allowed to try to prove his innocence? Is there any reason



why patriotic Frenchmen should gnash their teeth, clench their fists, and stiffen their sinews, when there is talk of the probability that the conviction of Dreyfus was a ghastly judicial mistake? Whatever the outcome may be, it may be set down as a certainty that the truth will come out at last, some day. There will be no end to the Dreyfusade until the mystery has been solved, and the real culprits exposed.



## Staggering Protectionists

THE continued and earnest agitation that now pervades both great political parties in this country is a fairly reliable sign that intelligent voters are devoting more attention and study to leading economic questions, and displaying more independence of spirit and thought. That cynical indifference which has always proved the bane of American political life is gradually passing away. Partisanship is growing less bigoted and less offensive, and, at the same time, and as a natural consequence, less confident in its position. The thinking citizen no longer believes that his party must always be right, no matter what attitude it may have assumed regarding vital questions of the day. Bryanism, it may truthfully be said, prepared the way for political liberalism, for although there was a great revolt against Blaine, it was against him personally, and not distinctly and specially against the doctrines of a platform. While it split the great Democratic party wide open, and endangered the financial stability and future of the country, Bryanism dispelled the charm of orthodoxy in partisan politics. It led to a gradual recognition of the moral value of heterodoxy, and contained the germ of the political emancipation of the voter. Bryanism is rapidly disappearing. It was, like the first French revolution, a hideous mistake. But the good that it brought with it is still with us, and is leavening the whole lump of political dough. This is apparent in the dissensions among Republicans in reference to tariff revision. In spite of the Nation's prosperity during the last four or five years, the impression is growing, especially in the West, that capitalistic interests have absorbed more than their share of the profits of good business, and that they have been allowed to do this through the imposition of high tariff duties, which, as the Iowa Republican platform insinuated, afford shelter to monopoly. Most of the leading Republican politicians are making desperate efforts to smother the voice of rebellion, and continue to point out that tariff-revision, at the present time, would result in a host of business evils, would prove a national calamity, and, last but not least, help the Democrats. But they have a hard, up-hill task. The Western Republican voter will not be convinced of the necessity of affording protection to colossal monopolies, which sell at extortionate prices at home and at a loss abroad. Even in the Republican Gibralters of the East, there are ominous signs of dissatisfaction and revolt. In Massachusetts the cry is going up that the duties on cattle and hides should be removed. The shoe and leather interests there have no fear of ruinous importations of South American steers. They do not want to be taxed to death, because millionaire-packers in the West make fat contributions to Republican campaign-funds and are, for this reason alone, clamoring for protection. In New York City, the American Protective Tariff League is divided against itself, on account of antagonizing views in reference to the advisability of sticking to high tariff duties. Mr. Cornelius N. Bliss, who was one of the founders of the League, became so disgusted with the orthodox views of the majority of members, that he handed in his resignation. Five other members have followed in his wake. Protectionism is slowly reaching a defensive position. Industrious sappers are at work on all sides undermining its foundations. After the adoption of the heretical Iowa platform, an attempt was made to belittle the clause calling for tariff revision. Eastern bosses stepped to the front and tried to calm the surging billows of discontent with the insulting intimation that the Iowans did not know what they were talking about, or, in other words, that they demanded something which

they did not demand at all. To the great discomfiture of such glib defenders of Dingleyism, the Idaho Republicans, evidently willing to "go the whole hog," adopted a platform, some days ago, which contains this startling plank: "We favor a revision of the tariff, without unreasonable delay, which will place upon the free list every article and product controlled by any monopoly and such other articles and products as are beyond the need of protection." What is still worse, however, these Idaho insurgents explained their demand with a declaration "that many of the industries of this country have outgrown their infancy, and the American manufacturer has entered the market of the world, and is successfully competing with the manufacturers of all other countries." There is certainly nothing vague or amorphous in these bold words which the West wind wafts to us from the mountains of Idaho. There can be no doubt that similar sentiments prevail in many other Western States. Mr. Tawney, Congressman from Minnesota, has been forced by his constituents to promise support to President Roosevelt's Cuban policy, and to "work for a revision along the line of a reduction of duties, including a reduction of the duty on lumber." These signs of political emancipation among Republican voters are both significant and encouraging. That President Roosevelt is fully aware of the true state of affairs and the drift of sentiment admits of no doubt. Neither can it be doubted that his views are in line with a more liberal tariff-policy, and that they favor a revision of duties at the earliest possible moment. The President is much of a Western man in his character and ideas. He personifies the breeziness, independence and indomitable energy of the people of the Western plains and mountains. He realizes that the political destinies of this Government will hereafter be shaped and directed by the voters of that vast empire lying between the Allegheny and the Rocky Mountains, and that their interests demand tariff revision and, ultimately, free trade with all nations. President Roosevelt has no use for dyed-in-the-wool politics. He believes in individualism, in untrammelled, unprejudiced, ways of thinking. He knows that in political emancipation of the voter lies the future safety and greatness of our country. Theodore Roosevelt hates political lukewarmness and indifference; he despises political tricks and shams. In his late Boston speech, he used the following language about the duty of voters: "In this country of ours, the average citizen has got to devote a good deal of thought and time to the affairs of the State as a whole, or those affairs are going to go backwards." Political indifference and ignorance, as well as bigoted, unreasoning partisanship, are inimical to a democratically-governed country's welfare and progress. Voters should be taught to educate themselves and to think for themselves. They should be made to realize that they are the masters, and that political bosses are only their servants. Intelligence and independence in political movements is what this country needs the most. The thoughtful, well-informed citizen may be relied upon to do the proper thing at the ballot-box. He may be relied upon to favor legislation that is in the interest of all classes of the people, and not in the interest of a few only.



## In High Societee

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR., has given an "at home" at Newport that cost the trifling sum of twenty-five thousand dollars. It was a sort of informal affair, a commingling of financiers, railroad magnates, ambassadors, society leaders, duchesses and negro minstrels. Everything worked like a charm, and Mrs. Vanderbilt was so delighted that she participated in the cotillon, her partner being Henry Worthington Bull. It was, in fact, a grand affair, something to be remembered. The hostess made it a point to evidence simplicity in arrangements. One can afford to be simple with twenty-five thousand dollars to go on. The negro minstrels received round after round of applause. They were wildly cheered, when they reeled off that exquisite, classic duet "Ma Castle on the Nile." But the climax was reached when they executed a cake

walk. The Duchess of Marlborough went into ecstasy about it. Oh, it was so delightful, so charming, so artistic, don't you know! But the revelling representatives of aristocracy and plutocracy were afforded still another and startlingly novel means of enjoyment. The versatile mind of Mrs. Vanderbilt had hit upon the clever idea of establishing a midway at her summer villa. The most prominent features of the elegant outfit were: a wheel of fortune, weight machines, a gypsy fortune-teller, punching bags, doll-baby games, a shooting gallery and dancing girls. The latter, it is intimated, were "well-patronized." It is very regrettable that the glowing newspaper accounts do not enlighten a deeply interested public regarding the dances executed. But it is to be presumed that the *danse du ventre* most aroused the enthusiasm of "those present." The punching bags were handled with marked skill and dexterity. Everybody went in for muscle, and displayed more than mere amateurish ability. There can be no question that the "at home" made a deep impression. The highly intellectual amusements, the splendid congregation of *bel esprit* and the piquant features of the midway, suggest unusual refinement of taste and manners among the Four Hundred. The introduction of dancing girls as part and parcel of a social "blow-out" must be regarded as a triumph of Mrs. Vanderbilt's unexcelled imagination. There is something bizarre, romantic, Oriental about it. It recalls fantastic tales of Kahlifas, Sultans and Sultanas, Deys and Sheikhs. The fascinating mysteries of the Harem rise up before our mental vision, and make us dream beautiful dreams of smiling hours of generous proportions. All we have ever read of Geishas and Nautch girls recur to tantalize us with delight. Our thanks are due her for dispelling the gray monotony and emptiness of this Occidental work-a-day world in such colorful fashion. The receptions of Madame Recamier were tame and flat affairs, compared with the midways of Madame Vanderbilt. Life is really becoming an art in Eastern Society. But what are we to make of the state-ments, telegraphed all over the country, that "the dancing girls were well patronized?" Isn't that just a little too much "beyond" in the matter of splendid decadence? The Four Hundred should hire some one to edit the chronicles of their doings, else the elegant entertainments may be subject to raids by the police.



## Municipal Government

ONCE upon a time, municipal government was exclusively political. But a transformation is going on under our very eyes. City voters are beginning to think, and they are gradually coming to the belief that there should be more science than politics in municipal government, and that it pays to have city officials who know their business and try to keep up with the times. One of the results of the intrusion of business principles into the domain of municipal government is the erection of a crematory in the borough of Brooklyn which is to be used in burning refuse. It seems that the city officials intend to adopt the same means which the City of Glasgow is now using for getting rid of refuse and garbage. In the Brooklyn crematory heat will be generated for manufacturing purposes; the refuse will be assorted; the paper and rags will be sent to mills and manufactured into wrapping paper, and the incinerator will be a complete consumer. The building and maintenance of the crematory will not cost the city a cent. The disposition of garbage in American cities is generally accomplished by very costly, crude, filthy and unsanitary methods. European municipalities are a century ahead of us in this respect. In England as well as on the Continent, the disposition of garbage is made a source of considerable income. Manufacturers and farmers are sharing in the profits derived from it, and are willing to pay for being allowed to use city refuse, or the results thereof. That this is the age of saving, and not of wasting, may be seen by the most casual observer in European cities. What Americans throw away, or have hauled away at great expence, Europeans regard as of great value, and expect to receive a cash equivalent for, from peo-



## The Mirror

ple who compete for the privilege of using it. In due course of time, Americans will follow the example of their European cousins, and see the necessity and wisdom of economizing by a scientific utilization of waste-material. Municipalities should be made paying investments, a source of income and profit, to be divided among tax-payers. If a private corporation may be made profitable to stockholders, why should not a public corporation, like a city, be made profitable to the tax-payers? It should, indeed, be possible to give a municipality so many sources of income as to make taxation superfluous or merely nominal. The science of municipal government is still in its infancy. It is being studied with increasing zeal and attention, but really satisfactory results will not be obtained until politics has been entirely eliminated from it. What, one may be allowed to ask, has the politician to do with the city government? Is the municipal tax-payer interested in free trade and the gold standard, or in a decent, business-like and honest administration of the affairs of his city? Municipal government was not invented for politicians, boodlers and economic parasites. It is the creation of tax-payers for tax-payers; it is a public institution for public good and welfare; it is a plain business proposition, that should be handled according to business principles. The municipal problem is growing to be an all-absorbing one. And rightly so. The tax-payer pays his taxes, and is entitled to receive his money's worth in efficient and economical service, in municipal improving, cleaning and beautifying. In short, the tax-payer is entitled to have his city converted into what it should be, his larger home. What his residence of eight or ten rooms is, in a small sense, that his city should be in a larger sense. Make the tax-payer realize that he is owner of an undivided portion of his municipality, and the "problem" of municipal government will cease to be problematical.

### Changing Climates

EVERYBODY may be said to be talking weather nowadays. The consensus of opinion seems to be that climatic conditions are changing, and that there must be something wrong with nature's mechanism. The oldest inhabitant is particularly loquacious. He brushes up his memory, and gravely asserts that winters are becoming milder and summers cooler. People with scientific "wheels" in their heads prattle about the Gulf Stream and signs that it is being diverted from its ancient course, or that it is cooling off. Others, with awe and wonder stamped on their faces, point to that West Indian *enfant terrible*, smoking and hell-roaring Mont Pelee, as the principal factor in effecting climatic changes and in giving us such a wet spell and bad colds at summer theaters and summer reports. The astrologer and the astronomer level their telescopes at or calculate horoscopes by the aspect of the placid sky, and imagine that they can see signs and omens in the changes of the moon, in the movements of revolving planets and suns. The mullahs of the Orient are falling into devout fits, and imploring Allah to overlook the misdeeds of Giaurs and infidels, and hurry up with the dispatching of the beneficent clouds of the monsoon. Thus people all around the world are agitated about the weather, and praying and wondering and conjecturing. Nature, it is believed, must be going out of joint, for it was all so different in the good old days, when warm and cold, rain and snow and sunshine alternated with never-failing regularity. But is there really any cause for imagining that climatic conditions are changing? Judging by the record of statistics and observations, there has been absolutely no change for many centuries, so far as climate or weather is concerned. Prof. Moore, of the Weather Bureau, asserts that in our lake regions no changes have taken place for several thousand years. Ossian Guthrie, the eminent civil engineer, is quoted as saying that "the same variety of trees now growing in the lake regions were growing soon after the glacial epoch." In Europe, they have kept reliable statistical tables of the dates of the opening and closing of navigation of streams at certain points for several centuries, and it is

proved that there has been no appreciable change. The New York *Evening Post* states that Thomas Jefferson used to labor under the same weather delusions. In 1771, he wrote to a friend that "a change of climate is taking place very sensibly. Both heats and colds are becoming more moderate within the memory of even the middle-aged. Snows are less frequent, and less deep. They do not often lie below the mountains more than one, two or three days, and very rarely a week. The snows are remembered to have been formerly more frequent, deeper, and of long duration. The elderly inform me that the earth used to be covered about three months in every year." It is quite evident, from these Jeffersonian words, that the "oldest inhabitant" used to be as respected and as talkative in 1771 as he is at the present day. *A bas* the "oldest inhabitant." He is one lurid liar and the truth is not in him, when he talks about the weather.

### Franchises and Values

SENATOR MARCUS ALONZO HANNA and Tom L. Johnson are both largely interested in street railways in Cleveland. The former is the principal shareholder and the latter is Mayor. Both have their own ideas about franchises and street car fares. Mr. Hanna has lately promulgated the dictum that street railway franchises should be perpetual, and pay at least 7 per cent upon the capital invested. Mr. Johnson has entirely different ideas. He believes that franchises should be granted for limited periods only; that the municipality should be reserved the right to buy the properties after the expiration of the franchises, and that investment returns should be moderate. The conflicting ideas of these two men have stirred up all the present confusion and excitement in Ohio politics. Senator Hanna has sensible ideas about the abstract rights of labor and capital, but when discussions come down to hard, concrete business propositions, he sticks up for his profits. He still believes in good profits. He adheres to that venerable, primitive economic fallacy that a privilege once granted by State or municipality is endowed with the attributes of immortality, no matter what changes times may bring, no matter what needs may arise. A franchise, says Mr. Hanna, should not be revoked. It should be held as sacred and as inviolable as the Kaaba of the Moslems at Mecca. Daniel Webster used to entertain the same kind of an idea about franchises or charters, and, through the magic effect of his powerful oratory, actually induced the United States Supreme Court to give his idea the dignity of constitutional law. Since then, mankind has surged on; ancient idols have been overthrown and destroyed. The inviolability of charters has undergone many modifications. Like the divine right of kings, it has been hedged in with a good many restrictions. Modern franchises are not regarded as perpetual; they are generally granted for limited periods only, and rigorously subjected to the pre-eminent and controlling rights of the grantor. It is dawning upon judges that no legislature or municipal assembly should be permitted to barter away the most valuable public franchises for a time that might stretch away until the crack of doom. A franchise is a privilege, a right given to some one to be used for the public good, and it is simply preposterous for anybody to insist, A. D. 1902, that the grantee should hold it forever. Mr. Hanna should brush the cobwebs out of his brain, and keep up with the procession. The time of perpetual franchises has passed away to return no more. The people nowadays do not care to give away public rights of immense value for a mess of pottage, and to narrow the opportunities of future generations. Mr. Hanna's demand for seven per cent annual profits for an unlimited period is equally untenable and absurd. A seven per cent profit might be just at the present time, but inequitable twenty years hence. Industrial profits vary with the change of times and of the value of money. Suppose somebody had obtained a perpetual franchise of some kind in the fifteenth century, when twenty-five per cent interest was considered a fair

return upon an investment. The successors of the original grantee would have a "lead-pipe cinch" in the twentieth century and make barrels of money every day. Nay, nay, Mr. Hanna, neither perpetual franchises, nor perpetual seven per cent profits will do. If Tom Johnson is, as many believe, too radical, or too progressive, you are, unquestionably, too old-fashioned and too conservative.

### Roosevelt, Democrat

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is talking some mighty good Democracy on his little swing around the circle. He is preaching the gospel of individualism as it has not been preached since Mr. Cleveland preached it so ponderously from the White House. It is plain that Mr. Roosevelt's party machine does not like his talk, but it is equally plain that the people generally do like it. The President could run on a Democratic ticket to-day without much trouble, if the Democrats could get away from silver and drop their alleged anti-imperialism.

### Abusing the Monroe Doctrine

WHAT is the most flourishing industry in Central and Southern American Republics? Revolutions. Things down there are going from bad to worse. Presidents, dictators and generals are multiplying. Life and property are at the mercy of every swashbuckling, bandit general that comes along with a few hundred throat-cutters and thieves. Every other day we read of miniature battles, of plundering, of murders and bombardments. Towns are being sacked and destroyed. Citizens and foreigners are helpless; their property is likely to be confiscated at any moment. And thus things bump along with a great uproar and upsetting of all peace and order. There is more political liberty, and more safety of life and property within the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey than within the borders of Venezuela, Colombia or Hayti at the present time. There is no government in Venezuela or in Colombia. And this being the case, neither the United States nor any other foreign country is able to render effective protection to its citizens or subjects. When Venezuela was threatened by England, in 1895, the United States government rendered it a signal service by "reading the riot act" to Lord Salisbury. Yet what have we received in return from the Venezuelans? Ingratitude and more ingratitude. There is more decency in a Hottentot than there is in the average Venezuelan politician. Those "soft, bastard, Latin" bandits and ruffians are, apparently, relying upon the Monroe Doctrine for protection against any measures that European governments might take to enforce their just rights. Neither England, nor Germany, nor France will dare to act as it would, as long as the Monroe Doctrine overshadows our Latin neighbors. Neither will any of those countries be anxious to extend its commercial interests in any of these revolution-breeding pseudo republics. Traders and merchants do not care to risk their capital in countries where life and property are absolutely unprotected. In Venezuela there have been revolutions galore in the last few years. Business there is at a standstill. And all on account of the protection afforded petty tyrants through false interpretations of the Monroe Doctrine. Whenever any European government hints at taking measures to enforce its rights, and bring the Venezuelan government to its senses, every jingo in the United States sets up a big howl about a foul attempt to nullify the sacred clauses of the Monroe Doctrine. As if the Monroe Doctrine had been invented for the express purpose of protecting murderers, thieves and dead-beats in South and Central America. President Monroe had different ideas at the time he wrote his famous words against European interference in American affairs. The Monroe Doctrine has been converted into a political monstrosity by American jingoes. It has protected Latin republics to death. It has killed commerce and industry. If James Monroe could be informed of the workings of his strangely perverted doctrine, he would turn in his grave. The jingo interpretation



Monroeism spells ruin for Central and South America. If the United States government really intends to further the interests of Latin republics, let it give European governments a free hand to protect their rights and citizens by a resort to usual methods, and let it not convey the impression that it will stand by every treacherous, thieving President that confiscates the property or takes the lives of remonstrating Europeans. Central and South America will be blessed with a large share of peace and order as soon as the Washington authorities make it plain that life and property must be protected at all hazards, and that the country that fails in safeguarding the rights of citizens and foreigners alike will be compelled to make proper amends. A right does not exist unless it is enforceable. And as European governments are restrained, through a perverted interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine, from employing adequate means to enforce their rights, or the rights of their citizens, they are deprived of even the shadow of a right. This is a gross injustice. They should be given full scope to make themselves respected in Central and South America. They should be permitted to help themselves in any justifiable way they may see fit, as long as they give assurance that they have no intention of seizing territory, or of subverting existing governments. The revolutions in the Southern hemisphere have become a downright shame and disgrace. They call for radical measures of redress. A false construction and application of the Monroe Doctrine must be held responsible for a large portion of the mischief that has been done.

## Egypt's Big Dam

THE work of damming the Nile at Assouan has been completed. It will now be possible to regulate the water-supply, and to irrigate all the year round. The gigantic dam is expected to redeem at least one million acres of extremely fertile land, on which two crops a year can easily be raised. United States Consul General Long is quoted as saying that "this great work will be a memorial of British sojourn in Egypt, and, in boldness of design and thoroughness of execution, will rank with anything that has ever been constructed in this land of Titanic achievements." The dam will impound almost 40,000,000 cubic feet of water. It is a mile and a quarter in width, with a depth of seventy feet. There is a gigantic wall of masonry, pierced by 180 openings, each opening having a steel gate, which can be raised or lowered at will. The construction of the dam required the employment of 16,000 men for four years. Contrary to previous expectations, and to the great delight of Egyptian scholars and archaeologists, the famous Isle of Philae will not be submerged as a result of the dam's operation. The ancient, colossal temples, and colonades, will continue to stand above high-water mark. The Assouan achievement may be said to eclipse the efforts of the Pharaohs. When the Emperor Constantine had completed the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, he exclaimed: "Solomon, I have surpassed thee." The English may now indulge in boasting of the same kind. Compared with the great dam, the Pyramids and all the temples including the Sphinx, are valueless. They never stood for anything but the despotism, cruelty and barbarous vanity of the ancient rulers of Egypt. These huge piles of masonry, erected by many thousands of wretched slaves, are of no use to anybody. They are simply piles, enclosing a few hundred rotting mummies. The Assouan dam, on the other hand, will benefit millions of people in Egypt as well as elsewhere. And, regarded from the right standpoint, there is more romance about it than about the ruins of Philae, and the temples of Isis and Osiris. The dam will bring happiness and prosperity to thousands of families; it will prove a blessing to the poor fellahs, who have for many weary centuries been trodden under the foot of Roman, Saracen and Turkish conquerors. It will bring the mighty Nile under the control of man, and convert a desert into an agricultural paradise. Americans should be particularly interested in the Assouan dam.

It should convince them that there is nothing visionary about irrigation and schemes of regulating water supplies. What the British have accomplished, the United States government should be able to do on a still larger scale. In fact, it has to do it. Changing conditions demand it. It has become a political and economic necessity.

## TOLD OF TWO CITIES.

BY PERCIVAL POLLARD.

ODIOUS to those most concerned, but vastly amusing to the outsider, comparisons are equally with variety a part of the spice of life. To compare is certainly one of the chief charms of travel to the average American. When the comparison is not between America and Europe in general, it is between this or that country, this or that town, in particular. The possibilities in such comparisons are endless. My present purpose is merely to insist upon the sharp differences between the German and the French capitals. These differences do not fade with time; each visit to Berlin and to Paris only proves the indelible nature of the barriers dividing.

Briefly, the whole case may be summed up in the statement that Paris is to play in, Berlin to work in. I am quite aware that a deal of work, a quantity of fine achievement in the arts and sciences, is achieved in Paris, and that a deal of heavy frivolity proceeds in Berlin. Nevertheless, my generalization holds true in the main: Paris is playground; Berlin, workshop. In the French Lutetia you see the butterflies and beauties of the world enjoying the pursuit of pleasure; in the German capital you see the school-master, and the scholastic spirit writ large upon the streetscape. Even the flightiest of Americans must come to the realization of this distinction; even if he observe none save his own country folk. On the one hand, in Paris, he will see either the rich fashionables or the humbler pleasure-hunters who have the Sons of Cook as whippers-in; on the other, in Berlin, he will discover only such of his compatriots as suggest Boston pedagogy, a ravenous zest for indigestible facts, and a passion for short skirts.

As a place for the pursuit of pleasure, Paris is undoubtedly inimitable. Berlin, on the other hand, is a comparatively safe place for the studious. Work is necessary to escape tedium; while vice is left too unattractive to constitute an attraction to young people of taste.

A critical consideration of the two towns would involve a three-volume dissertation upon the chasm between the Gallic and the Teuton character. Upon some minor, more superficial, differences, however, I may attempt some hasty conclusions:

In Paris the women are most exquisitely corseted.

In Berlin it is the men who wear corsets; the women average up to the Mother Hubbard type of figure.

Parisian men run to whiskers. A dear pantomimist of my acquaintance confided to me that she longed to escape the beards of Paris, and see once more the clean faces of America.

Berlin clings to the infuriated fashion of the mustache, à la the Emperor. With the mustache, a scar on the cheek is in the height of good form.

In both towns a smooth face means a priest, an actor or a groom.

One of the most admirable customs of Paris is that of uncovering the head when a funeral goes by. It is invariably impressive and instinct with quick, if volatile, reverence.

In Berlin the mourning band is worn, not between the shoulder and elbow, but between the waist and elbow. I have seen an old black handkerchief clumsily used in this way.

In Paris the conspicuous sculpture, in the public squares, is admirable on the average. The failures among the statues are few.

Berlin is a city of magnificent mistakes in marble. The new Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial; the rows of white ghosts in the Victory Allée; the Bismarck statue before the House of Parliament; the new, still unfinished Cathedral on the Lust-Garten: all are utter failures. For this the German Emperor is directly responsible. He wishes to make Berlin the most beautiful city in the world; he is succeeding only in giving it unnecessary uglinesses. His ambition is admirable; his taste execrable. His favorite sculptor, Reinhold Begas, is skillful in *bijou* figures, and an utter failure in larger scopes.

In Paris you are likely to arrange your meals thus: coffee and rolls when you get up; a good lunch of three or four courses at noon, and a dinner as dusk, the mood, or the evening's entertainment, demands.

In Berlin you will probably take to living *in pension*, which America rudely calls boarding. As a result you will fare thus: On arising you will get lukewarm coffee and impenetrable rolls. About eleven you may get some ham sandwiches. The meal of the day, dinner, is at 2:30. If you show wonder at this hour, you will be told that the art-students, or the singing-students, or some other students, are best suited by this arrangement. About four o'clock you may have coffee and a bun; occasionally cake. Supper, usually with cold meats and beer as the staples, comes on at eight o'clock. As a result, if you wish to go to the theater, you go without your supper. Most theaters in Berlin begin at the weird hour of 7:30. Matinees live up to their name rigorously; they begin at twelve o'clock noon. Ladies cannot bring their hats into German theaters, but all can go out into the foyer between acts and consume unlimited beer and sandwiches, not to say sausages.

In Paris the music-hall spirit is at its best in the open air.

Berlin's efforts at the Cafe Chantant take place without the faintest ventilation of any sort. A volume may be written upon the unventilated condition of the Berlin populace.

Paris manufactures the best powders and perfumes. Berlin has the most need for them.

In Paris the newsboys—mostly men and women—make as much noise as possible.

In Berlin the newspapers are sold by men who look like elaborate sandwich-men, and who say nothing, who merely exhibit their wares. All that one ever hears from newspaper-sellers in Berlin is in a conversational tone of voice, inaudible a few feet away.

Both the Paris and the Berlin newspapers are equally innocent of the meaning of news.

In Paris, you may, if you are a woman, attract attention by being badly dressed.

In Berlin it is fatal to dress well. You at once become an object of suspicion. Even the anonymous Sisters of the Rich, in Berlin, dress like washerwomen who had heard an alarm of fire.

In Paris the princes of all the Indias and Africas could walk the boulevards without attracting more than passing attention away from the absinthe of the moment.

In Berlin the entire population will be rooted to the spot if a pair of immaculate trousers or a good gown goes by.

In the support of this I may mention that in the month of August, 1902, one of the most enterprising of Berlin newspapers, the *Vossische* (usually referred to as Old Aunt Voss,) gravely stated that the Panama might presently be the fashion again for men.

Parisians are instinctively artistic, not only in their art likings, but in their personal appearances.

Berliners will rave about the beauties of art and nature, the while they themselves constitute a blot upon any picture, either of art or nature. Yet the German is reputed a great logician.



## The Mirror

In Paris the horses are under-fed, scraggy and unhappy, to all seeming.

In Berlin all the horses are fine, large, well-fed brutes.

But in neither town do the drivers know how to drive, nor the policemen how to regulate traffic. In Paris the drivers do little save crack their whips; they are all noise and no accomplishment. All France, if you wished to be caustic, might be said to be like that.

Yet, if many of the foregoing conclusions seem to have been derogatory to Berlin, there is, nevertheless, much to admire about the Prussian capital. It is an admirable town to work in. I defy a person of imagination and appreciation to do any work in Paris for at least a year after arrival. Berlin is so delightfully dull that work becomes a necessity. One has the constant throng of admirable picture exhibitions, the dramas of Sudermann and Hauptmann, and, better yet, the *Ueber Brettl* productions of Wedekind, Bierbaum and others. Berlin has, if in this decade it has done nothing else,—the Kaiser's iron fist having gone far to choke free art, I fear!—put the music-hall ballad and music-hall plays upon a plane higher than obtains in other countries. Upon this I shall have more to say later. Perhaps, when Hauptmann launches his theater, *à la Bayreuth*, in Schreiberhan, in his Silesian home, Berlin will become, even in dramatic art, merely the provincial town it is in matters of sartorial fashions. You never can tell. . . . Bernhardt is coming to Germany. She is old, and I fear her coming only proves Germany rather a home for the old ladies of art. While Paris. . . ! Paris awaits "Aphrodite; and Huysmans is back from the Monastery. . . Who once tastes the maelstrom never stays long in the monastery.

### BREAKING CAMP.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

AND now the day has come when I must strike my tent and go home to the city. Home? How unlike home after all is the place which most of us city folks call by that name. Four walls palpitant with the grinding noises of a city; the sun struggling at mid-day intervals through clouds of smoke; a horizon of hard walls and jagged chimneys; the reek of sewers, the stench of kitchens, the raucous gongs, the rumble of drays; the wilderness of strange, eager, peering faces. I live in a city which is like that, but I know it is not home because I remember the joy with which I left it that day in the spring when I set my face towards the wilderness.

My dog, Jocko, watches my boy and me as we wind away the fishing lines, unjoint the rods, fold up the flies and put our tackle "torights." He does not like the looks of things. At this hour we should be in our places on the old jam where the current eddies, or down by the maple tree trolling the buck-tails out into the current where the sudden pickerel flash in the early sunlight. In vain he darts away through the thickets, barking at grasshoppers, scattering the first dead leaves of autumn, looking back as if to tempt us to the old haunts where we have been happy for one summer.

We are "packing up," hateful word, unhappy occupation! We are going home. It is a bad time to go, for the river is low and clear now and the voices of the forest are tenderer, more infrequent, more impressive than at any time since May. Then there was a challenge of youth, a note of reckless gayety in the breeze, in the whipping of the new leaves, in the clamor of the impatient waters, in the shrilling love-songs of the birds. Now the cypress is greener than the tree foliage, and the lone pines upon the hill, which fade not with a season, loom dark as mourning weeds through the thinning glories of oak and ash, of waving willows and stalwart birches. There upon the twisted area of my old maple tree sits the little mother oriole who nested above my tent in the throbbing days of May. Above her, empty and unheeded now, the little nest swings empty in the cool, pungent air. Her seldom

note is no longer merry. She mopes a little and the tiny, restless head perks at us no more with the scared curiosity of the younger months. Even the bravely plumaged lord and master of her heart gives her slight heed. He is fighting some wrens beyond the creek and there is something rancorous and harsh in his fierce cries. What a diligent, courteous, winsome, eloquent little lover he was! Do you remember, only last May, how manlike he wooed her? How he toiled at the little home, how jealously he guarded his brooding mate, what a fuss he made about the fledgelings, and how valiant a husband he was? The little ones too have "packed up" and gone away into some new, strange region in the South. One of these days they may come back, but a year is a lifetime for most of these small creatures, and we may not see them again.

How homelike and staunch our old tent has come to look on this hillock by the river! But we are stripping it of all its familiar features. There, on the wall above his cot is the "score" of our fishing. There, ringed and underlined, is the record of that four-pounder that he landed unaided, the first real trophy of his prowess with the facile wand in which lie so many of the sweetest secrets of nature. We shall read it agin, some other summer, beside some other river, but it shall never seem so glorious again, this simple, scrawled, but incomparable history of a boy's first bass, this memory of a spring day, this preface to a story whose mysteries lure him always onward, but whose haloed pages once closed may not reopen. Have you ever tugged at the pegs, let go the guys, and unriggered the fastenings of a camp in which every day has been a glory added to the mere sense of living? See its white walls heave and fall; see its thin curtains trail limp upon the trodden sill; see it waver and stagger, and flatten into a mere patch of cloth upon the grass. How unfamiliar the whole place becomes! The woods seem stiller, the river is hushed for a moment. You sit upon a box and it seems as though some living thing had ceased. The trampled patch of your camp looks like a scar upon the soft breast of the meadow. Already some withered leaves have fallen upon the bare place and, somehow, you are reminded of a grave.

You have destroyed a sanctuary, razed a temple which leaves not even the wistful tokens of a ruin to remind you of the days which cannot come again. You may rear others, but they will not be like this. There will be other Mays, and other, bigger, gamer bass; brighter orioles may flirt and woo and brood above your thin-walled house of cotton, but the things, the thoughts, the winds, the waters you have known, are gone now—forever.

Jocko is no longer mystified. He knows that we are going and he sits sometimes beside me and sometimes by the boy. He makes a vague show of frolicking with a vagrant frog, but it is a weak, half-hearted effort and he abandons it and sits looking at us out of his gentle brown eyes as if he would like to know why we are bent upon ending these matchless days. He knows that we are the masters of his destiny, but he is puzzled to reconcile so much power with such reasonless abandonment of the Paradise at our hands.

I lashed the tent-poles together and loaded the heap of canvas with them and put our outfit into a wheel-barrow. We walked down through the old aisle of the woods and listened to the rustling of fallen leaves beneath our feet. The dog, crest-fallen, deliberate and sad, trotted after me. The boy, his hands deep in his pockets, his eyes on the ground, whistling an old air, trudged before me. It was as though we had been exiled and were trying to be brave. The farmer, our commissary and guide, was waiting at the landing with some crates of grapes. I committed Jocko to his care and tried to believe that the dog was lucky in his privilege of remaining behind us in the country. But the loving creature hung his head, and, going to the child, licked his hands so that I saw a tear come as my boy patted the rough, brown head and looked away.

Presently the boat came bowling white and throbbing round the bend and scuttled up to the landing. We put our belongings on, bade good-bye to Jocko and went up to the cabin-deck. The farmer was soon in his wagon, and as he

drove up the hill road, calling and whistling to the dog, we saw that our abandoned companion was sitting quite still and lonely by the water, his eyes upon us, his broad, long tail waving a mute farewell. And as the little steamer swam downward towards the harbor, we watched our good friend sitting alone wondering why we had left him.

"I wouldn't mind being a dog, I believe," said the boy hesitating, "I mean a decent dog like Jocko. Would you, dad?"

And I said that there were worse creatures than dogs. And there are.

### IMPERIAL BRITAIN'S HARD LINES.

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

WHILE sentimentalists are drooling disarmament proposals, and extolling the virtues of the Autocrat of all the Russias, the London *Saturday Review* is seriously discussing the question whether England will have to resort to military conscription to maintain her international prestige. "Whether we like it or not," the perturbed editor concludes the whole discussion, "conscription is certain to come, and the country might as well get used to the idea as quickly as it can." Wonder how the British tax-payer relishes the pleasing prospect of having to support a large standing army! All along, he has been boasting about his superior intelligence and good luck, and painting the horrors of military barrack-life on the Continent in darksome colors. British economists have been reeling off innumerable articles bewailing the maintenance of standing armies in France, Germany and elsewhere, and pointing to the patriotic willingness of Englishmen to serve their country in times of peace as well as of war. Yet, according to late dispatches, recruiting officers find it impossible to get the necessary quota of men for army service. There have even been intimations of efforts to be made by the British war-office to fill up the depleted ranks with adventurous Americans. Now all this is mighty interesting, and it suggests questions. What is the trouble with Englishmen? Are they losing the military spirit? Are they becoming effeminate? Will it become necessary to compel them to serve in the army? During the last two centuries of the Roman Empire, historians tell us, young men used to mutilate themselves, so as to escape from being forced to do army service, and Roman generals had to enlist barbarians in their legions. While it would be hazardous to assume that Great Britain is to be classed among Lord Salisbury's "dying nations," her enemies will not hesitate to make striking comparisons with decadent Rome. The vast extent and population of the British world-empire will, in the course of time, necessitate compulsory military service. All present indications point that way.

The late conference of Premiers has demonstrated to everybody's satisfaction that the Colonies are not willing to contribute to the defense of the empire, at least not to the extent desired by Joseph Chamberlain. The Colonies are young and undeveloped; they are not in position to increase their burdens. It would be suicidal for them to spend many millions upon armies and navies, or to provide the mother country with means to defend her territory and interests with success. The Colonies, it seems, are determined to look out for themselves first. They do not care to be drawn into the vortex of international politics and conflicts. They are disposed to cling to Monroe Doctrines of their own, and, while sticking to England, to refrain from provoking the resentment of other nations. And the Colonial Premiers, almost to a man, declared their sympathy with the fight of Ireland for Home Rule, much to the surprise of all England. There may come about an issue which shall be expressed in the cry of "the Colonies against the Crown."

Great Britain's position is, therefore, not very comfortable. The defence of an empire requires imperial armies. Volunteer forces cannot be relied upon, when it comes to a world-struggle. It is no wonder, in view of such facts,



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FRANZ SIGEL.

BY THOMAS J. BRITT.

that Lord Salisbury shook off his cynical indifference long enough, sometime ago, to exhort his compatriots to organize rifle-clubs and to engage in military drills. The noble Lord knew what he was talking about; he foresaw what was coming. Rudyard Kipling has also been "rubbing it in" with his doggerel about "muddled oafs at the goal." The average Englishman loves sport and fresh air; but, at the present time at least, he is not partial to military life.

It may be that the South African struggle and its humiliating incidents have disgusted young Britishers, and made them prefer the less dazzling life of a civilian. Lord Kitchener, from all appearances, never was very enthusiastic about the struggle with the Boer peasants. He saw no glory in it. He considered it a useless sacrifice of life and treasure the outgrowth of millionaire cabals and greed. There is abundant evidence that he was "at outs" with Lord Milner, the Cape Colony High Commissioner, and insisted upon granting lenient terms to the enemy. Lord Kitchener may not be a great general, but he is, undoubtedly, a true soldier. He never had any use for drawing-room generals; for nepotism in the war office; for soldiers that clung to petticoats, and were fed on bonbons and chocolates.

A thorough reform of British military service, and the requirements of the times, necessitate conscription. There is no way out of this dilemma. One cannot pretend to rule an empire and, at the same time, refuse to make proper provision for a maintenance of the vast establishment. The British tax-payer will have to accept the inevitable, when the time comes. He will have to bend his back, and allow the government to strap a vigorous soldier upon it. For many years, Englishmen have been patting themselves on the back, and displayed great enthusiasm whenever the map-man received orders to make another red patch. He now has to take the consequences. *Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin.*

## THE CHILDREN'S PARADE.

BY FRANCES PORCHER.

[Five thousand children marched in the Chicago Labor day parade, Sept. 1.—*Press-Dispatch.*]

"A SOUND like clods in the grave of Right  
Seems coming far down the street"—  
'Tis only the march, good watcher,  
Of ten thousand little feet;  
*The feet of five thousand children  
Come marching down the street.*

Steady they come and slowly,  
Five thousand all in line.  
What do you think, good watcher,  
Is the sight not grand and fine?  
*Five thousand children's stunted souls  
All marching in a line!*

Five thousand bending little backs,  
Bearing the old world's woe;  
Ten thousand hands, good watcher,  
Toiling too and fro.  
*Ten thousand hands at loom or mill—  
God! that it should be so!*

Ten thousand eyes uplifted  
To the toilsome years ahead;  
Ten thousand eyes, good watcher,  
All drilled with work and dread.  
*Ten thousand little children's eyes  
With the childhood in them dead.*

Turn to the right, ye marchers,  
Children, step into line!  
Why do you weep, good watcher,  
The thousands are none of thine?  
*Could you live and know that one of yours  
Was marching in that line?*

THE death of General Franz Sigel, which occurred on the morning of August 21st, at his home, No. 563 Mott avenue, the Bronx, brought vividly to the minds of the older inhabitants of St. Louis the stirring scenes and incidents that marked the beginning of the Civil War, for it was here that the name of Sigel first became "a household word."

Sentiment in St. Louis was about equally divided in allegiance to the North and to the South, and local excitement reached its highest pitch during the terrible days from the 6th to the 16th of May, 1861.

After the fall of Fort Sumter, and the President's call for 75,000 volunteers, recruiting in St. Louis, for both the Northern and Southern armies, was carried on with the utmost enthusiasm. The young men of the city, and many of the older ones, too, were rapidly enrolling themselves, in many cases members of the same family taking opposite sides. No one who has not passed through a similar crisis could possibly imagine the tenseness of feeling engendered by this state of affairs. Hatred supplanted the closest ties of friendship, and the whole city seemed a maelstrom of seething passion. Murders were frequent and fierce quarrels of hourly occurrence.

The entire territory composing the city and its suburbs was converted into a military encampment; troops were marching and countermarching, and the sounds of life and drum were heard always and everywhere. Recruits were being drilled on vacant lots, in the streets, on the corners. The awkward squad was always in evidence; and the commands of the drill-master were sometimes as ludicrous as were the evolutions of the men. All this tended to keep the excitement at fever heat. The raw recruit for the first time in his new uniform, and with a rifle on his shoulder, loaded with a Minie ball, could not brook the taunts and jeers of Southern sympathizers, and was quick to resent and repulse any fancied attack. This would account for the sanguine scenes enacted at Eighth and Walnut, and Sixth between Market and Chestnut streets, in which many innocent persons were killed or wounded.

On the 6th of May, the citizen soldiery known as the National Guard of Missouri, under command of Gen. Frost, went into Camp in the western suburbs of the city and named the rendezvous Camp Jackson, in honor of Claiborne Jackson, the then Governor of Missouri. The city recruiting station for the Southern cause was the Minute Men's Headquarters, on Fifth street, since changed to Broadway. The sympathies of the men composing the N. G. M. were known to be strongly in favor of the South, and the camp was held to be a menace to the city. Rumors were circulated that cannon had been planted in commanding positions, and that a bombardment was likely to occur at any moment.

Captain Lyon was then in command of the Arsenal, which was the assembling place for the Government troops and the loyal volunteers. Here the massing of troops, the assembling of arms and the storing of ammunition was being pushed with the greatest rapidity.

On the night of May 10, Captain Lyon, with a company of soldiers, went on board a steamboat, and took possession of the powder magazines, located north of the city, and transported their stores of powder to the Arsenal. This, at the time, was regarded as a great coup on the part of the captain.

On the morning of the 11th, rumors were rife that Camp Jackson was to be attacked and taken. Never can the recollection of that scene be blotted from the memories of those who witnessed the excitement attendant thereon. As the troops marched on the double-quick up Market, Chestnut and Olive streets, the people seemed to grow absolutely wild. Crowds followed in eager haste to witness the battle. Men left their places of business,

women with children in their arms and others dragging at their skirts, together with the usual number of street gamins, all rushed toward the west to be in at the fray. The surrounding of the Camp, the capitulation of General Frost and his men, the bloody scenes that followed, have passed into history, but never can the peculiar thrill, to those who witnessed the events, be effaced from their memories.

It was in this critical state of affairs that the name of Sigel attained its celebrity and passed into a household word. Popular with the German element, he took an active part in the recruiting of the Third Missouri volunteers, of which regiment he was appointed Colonel. Having been educated for the military service at Karlsruhe, and serving in the army of Baden from 1843 to 1847, he was regarded as a veteran, and the Germans, among whom he was an especial favorite, flocked to his standard.

After the capture of Camp Jackson, Col. Sigel and a portion of Col. Schuetner's command, occupied the camp.

Later Sigel fought and won the battle of Carthage, and his frame spread. To "fight mit Sigel" was deemed a high honor, and the proudest boast of his German soldiers was, "I fights mit Sigel." This has passed into an axiom, and has been perpetuated in song and story.

Sigel's military prowess was rewarded by promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General, and he served with distinction under Fremont, in the campaign against Price. He commanded two divisions in the memorable battle of Pea Ridge. To him has always been accorded the honor of preserving Missouri to the Union.

A little later a rupture occurred between Sigel and General Halleck, and he resigned his commission. But men of his calibre could not be spared from the army, and he was recommissioned, this time as a Major-General, and put in command of the forces stationed at Harper's Ferry. Placed subsequently in command of Fremont's corps, he participated in the second Battle of Bull Run, in which engagement he is said to have displayed the greatest gallantry. On September 14, 1862, General Sigel was assigned to the Eleventh Army Corps, and in 1863 was placed in command of a grand division under Burnside. In 1864 he succeeded to the command of the Department of West Virginia.

As a commander, General Sigel gave evidence of marked ability. He defended Maryland Heights with 4,000 men against the extraordinary odds of 15,000 men, during Early's raid in 1864. In all his military career, he demonstrated a remarkable fitness for the position of a leader in warfare, and the old soldiers of to-day, who served under him, mention his name with reverence. A warm flush mantles the bronzed cheek, and a light kindles in the dimming eye of the old veteran, as he proudly relates the story of his campaigns to his grandchildren, and proudly asserts, "I fights mit Sigel."

After the war, General Sigel edited the *Baltimore Wecker*, from 1865 to 1867. He then settled in New York, and engaged actively in politics. He was the Republican candidate for Secretary of State of New York, in 1869, and in 1871 was elected Register of that city by the Reform Fusionists, and served his full term.

He aligned himself with the Democrats at the time of the nomination of General Hancock, and from 1885 to 1889 he was Pension Agent at New York, under appointment of President Cleveland.

For the last ten years he has been engaged in the publication of a New York monthly, half in English and half in German. He is credited with having proposed the idea of the elevated railroad, and has been conspicuous in the civil and social life of New York.

Gen. Sigel was born at Sinsheim, Baden, on November 18, 1824. He was educated for the military service at Karlsruhe. In 1847 he fought a duel, in which encounter he severely wounded his antagonist. He served in the Baden army from 1843 to 1847, and participated in the revolution of 1848. A few years later he immigrated to the United States, landing in New York, where he secured



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an engagement as a teacher in a private school, and in 1857 he came to St. Louis. Here he secured a position in a college, and while engaged in this occupation, the breaking out of the Civil War gave him the opportunity to display his remarkable prowess in a military career.

Gen. Sigel married the daughter of Rudolf Dalon, of New York. She and four children, three sons and one daughter, survive him. Franz Sigel, Jr., the youngest, is practising law in Chicago.

He was in his 77th year at the time of his death, and old age was assigned as the immediate cause of his demise. The funeral of Gen. Sigel took place August 24th, and 12,000 persons attended the obsequies. Services were held in the Melrose Turnverein Hall, 55th Street and Courtland avenue. The coffin, wrapped in an American flag, was placed on a catafalque banked with flowers. Several G. A. R. posts and other military organizations escorted his remains. He was laid to rest in Woodlawn Cemetery.

### THE WOUND AND THE HEALER.

BY CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.

OF good shoulders and strong limbs was Carlos Moratin, representing the firm of Stanley Brothers, San Francisco. He had never been to Mexico before, though his ancestors had lived there. He took the train from the capital, and arrived at Vera Cruz at night—come to make plans of a sewerage system for that dirtiest of cities.

The air was hot and the buzzards hopped languidly through the streets when he entered the door of his distant cousin, Don Pablo. The house looked magnificent; the court was laden with plants that smelled like spices. Don Pablo was distinguished—they say he once loved Mrs. Diaz before the strong one took her. Carlos showed his letters, which filled Don Pablo with joy, and the young man went straight into the hidden heart of a high-class Mexican family; then supper was announced.

The board was white under a chandelier, and (Don Pablo's tastes being queer) a small copy of Juarez's marble tomb was on a table in a corner. The apartment had no other furniture. In through the window blew the damp, down-pressing air of the Gulf, and Carlos could see the lights of vessels floating yonder.

Isabel awoke him, even frightened him. Why, she was like that woman who holds Juarez's head on her knee under the roof of the tomb! But her laugh was an incantation; what a beautiful and breakable thing she was, coming in on him like a new moon that might be playful in the sky. She sat by her taciturn mother, near whom was Don Pedro, another cousin.

"What is San Francisco like, anyhow, Carlos? Can you mix with those Yankees?" cried Don Pablo.

"I am one," laughed Carlos. And he told them about the plan to capture the sewerage contract.

"Sewerage? Ho!" everybody cried out in alarm, and looked at Pedro, a tall, thin, dark fellow. Isabel's hands were clasped as she stared at him. He turned on the astonished Carlos a keen, perhaps an evil look.

"I drink to that," said he; "I, too, am here for that purpose."

"Ah," replied Carlos, a little put out; "and for what company?"

"Matamoros Hermanos, of Mexico, who have proved their ability to clean even Vera Cruz!"

"Then here's to you!" said the Californian, trying to be jolly. "And on one point at least we agree—it needs it!" All laughed, Pedro rather dryly.

"Will it do away with the buzzards?" asked Isabel, in musical regret.

"What? You like them!" demanded Carlos.

She blushed just for being talked to. "It is a little morbid, I know," she said, "but in the middle of the night I like to look down to see if they still are hopping in the street."

Don Pablo roared at this, "Vera Cruz without buzzards!" cried he. "Impossible."

An hour after supper, Carlos, having forgotten his cigarette-case, went back to the dining-room. The cloth was gone; there remained but the table, the miniature white tomb, the chandelier, and under it Isabel sitting with her chin on her hand. "I startled you," he said.

Her cheek had the look that some pale rose leaves have early in the morning. "Tell me of California," cried she.

"It is the poetry of Mexico and the progress of the North wrapped in one—it is everything!" he said, on fire about it.

"I want to go," she replied. "But," here her lips drooped, which made his heart beat strangely, "if you win the money away from Pedro, we can't."

He became still, standing by the tomb and looking at the beautiful face of the statue in it. "You are married to Pedro?"

Her movement was a little impatient and sad, though she laughed her gentle incantation. "We are betrothed," she replied.

"You have love, then," he answered, dreaming not happily, "which is good."

"But," she said, with extreme simplicity, "our parents did it for us."

He turned an impulsive look on her, and caught her escaping eye. The sweet inevitable was then occurring; and the while a thrill of it changed him, the chandelier made sparks from one tear on her lashes. Just for an idle nothing was she nigh to breaking down; so she went away fast.

For two weeks the rivals prepared their plans for the sewerage, working apart, coming together at meals; and Pedro made the rivalry evil. Diaz, who takes personal hold of these things, set certain days in June when all the companies were to present to him their plans. When these days approached, Pedro came to Isabel in the large sala and said: "Thank God, it is time for him to go. I have seen you together—in the patio—in here—everywhere, curse it!"

Her head was on a sofa's back. "Don't be jealous—please don't, Pedro—it wasn't anything."

"Wasn't anything! Oh, no," he laughed; "it's never anything!"

She sank to the sofa, weak. "O Pedro!" She clasped her hands. "Really I didn't do anything. Oh, truly, I never have done anything!"

"Don't you love him?—not a bit?"

"Just you, Pedro," she wept trembling.

"Will you prove it?"

She promised, pale with eagerness.

"Keep him here, then, till Friday morning! I have a letter from Diaz's secretary; the estimates must be in by Friday; the president needs rest, and will go South on Saturday. The time is shortened." He kissed her and grew gentler. "Sweetheart, do something to keep him from taking the night train on Thursday, couldn't you?" He has talked of going on Thursday night, anyhow."

"That would be dishonorable," she cried, clinging to him, as if afraid to trust herself.

He flung her off. "Now I know!" he cried, his dark face lit with jealous rage. "You love him! Ha! ha! You talk about honor! You'll do nothing for me, then? You'll break your promise, made two minutes ago? Tell me you hate me."

By this and more she was crushed. She was so full of remorse and love that she could not tell right from wrong. He browbeat her into agreeing to the trick.

The night train left Vera Cruz at ten, and brought Pedro to Mexico early Friday morning. Carlo's mail, too, had contained a notification from the secretary; but Pedro had seen it first. It would be delayed. When her betrothed left her, a tingling, a longing, a forbidden wine was in Isabel. She could use her power, do the bad trick, and hold the Californian; and how beyond all else desirable was his presence! Or she could be honorable to him, break her promise to Pedro, and jeopardize Pedro's prospects,

and lose Carlos! The complicated problem agitated her, and sent her stumbling into the dining-room, where she fell down on a chair by Juarez.

Carlos came in; it was twenty minutes of ten, and he wondered if he could pull himself away that night, not knowing how important it was.

"I am going now; your father and Pedro will meet me at the train."

She turned her sad eyes to him. "So soon?"

"There is some old barrier," he answered, enchained and sinking to a chair, "that shuts me from that which would keep me."

"Barriers are human," she said, with the mad red on her temple.

"And love, you mean," he asked, simply, "is divine, and breaks them?"

She leaned her forehead on the corner of the tomb's miniature roof, and put her hand in between the pillars, and touched the maid's face in there. She did not know whether her love or the plot made her hold him. But now she must; now she was enchained, too. "You said you loved me," she replied, "when you oughtn't to have said it."

"Because," he answered, "you are bound away from me. I seem to die each day; no, every time I see you I die."

Her face was turned away, and her head was sinking. "Yes—and I die; and not only do I die every time I see you—but when I don't see you—I—I die then, too."

"Isabel!"

She could not say anything.

"Oh, can we—can we! Do we dare!"

"I did not make," she murmured, "these bonds. I did not love him; they made them; now I have grown strong and I have my life to lead."

He took her; and his lips burned; and hers, too, burned.

In the morning she was afraid to get up; because she longed to. He left. When she knew that he was gone to Mexico, and too late to see Diaz, her remorse was full grown—so many kinds of it! The world was disintegrated; life was grown death-like.

Carlos arrived in the evening at Mexico City, and went with some friends to the Jockey Club. Why, said they, Pedro was here but an hour ago. A happy fellow, that Pedro; buoyant. Next morning, thinking of Isabel, knowing that God had joined them, Moratin went in a blue cab to the national palace. He would not bore Diaz with technicalities; he would strike straight, with certain salient, new features. His company's method would do more for Vera Cruz than any other, and Diaz was quick to see.

Six hundred feet long, and ancient, is that palace, stretching all along one side of the plaza. Near by are the cathedral's double towers. Through the central gateway, Carlos passed into the court. Up the stairway of honor he walked, confident of success. He waited, with many others, in a long gallery, where crystal chandeliers winked, and there were heavy hangings and French chairs.

By slow, successive stages he came nearer to his goal, the aid-de-camp escorting him. In a second gallery he must wait, and then in a large, square room with the president's staff. At last a bell announced his turn and a soldier led him in. The room was hung with Carlota's red damask, whereon were Maximilian's many crowned eagles woven. But the man who rose from an arm-chair to greet him was not Diaz; it was the minister of finance, Jose Limantour.

"A mistake, Senor Moratin," said he. "I have taken up your time uselessly. The president has gone South; the drainage question was settled before he went."

Black with the feeling of ruin, Carlos went back to the club; failure in this meant failure in all. On this he had staked his reputation; to lose the confidence of his firm was to go back to the bottom again and begin the weary climb all over.

Diaz had settled the question! He knew what that



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meant—that the door was shut forever. He entered the diningroom of the club, and life had lost its vim. Was there, then, no more to do, but turn his back on Mexico and return defeated?

"You look down in the mouth, Moratin," cried Pedro at his elbow. "Come, lunch with me." They sat down. "Your interview was not successful, then? Too bad; you should have come with me."

Carlos turned on him a look of anger. Pedro, in glee, could hardly hold himself.

"Come, old man; you'll admit that the trick was clever?"

"Whose trick?" cried Carlos, now filled with disgust for the man before him.

"Ha! ha!—why, hers, of course—sweet Isabel! Here's to her in a glass of Sauterine, old man; come, cheer up!" Moratin arose, stood clutching the back of his chair, and said very quietly: "What do you mean?"

"Oh, don't go and raise a fuss over it. Be a man. All's fair in war, you know—war on the buzzards! She said she thought she could keep you till the train had gone."

Moratin's impulse to plunge across the table at the grinning victor was mastered—and now he forgot all save Isabel, and went out.

This was the telegram he sent to Isabel: "You have ruined my fortune and my life. I would curse you if I could—I can't stop loving you. This is the end."

This was the answer that came to him: "Don't kill me. Believe. Wait for me there three days. I will mend everything or die. Promise to wait."

That seemed to lift him out of a grave. Yet he could not believe. But, unable to go away, he laughed with bitterness, then wept the quick smothered tears of a man, and strode out, knowing that her telegram had bound him there.

In the meantime, she had realized fully the crime she had committed. Now would she die to undo it? She retired early that night, and packed a little satchel. For the Northern girl to run away is hard. But what prejudices, obstacles, walls of custom must be broken through when runs away a maid of Mexico!

At a quarter to ten she slipped to the street, wrapped in black. The sluggish buzzards seemed to hop as though they moved in filthy dreams. The moonlight showed the film that comes up ghastly over their eyes. Through them she passed and came to the train.

No sleep for her; the pillows of her berth were wet with tears. At the very hotel where Moratin was staying she passed the night, but would not make herself known. She saw him once, and nearly cried out; but ran to her room. Next morning the train for Cuernavaca bore her over the Ajusco mountain range and down into a smiling valley, where Diaz was. And his wife—beloved Carmencita, whom Isabel knew—was with him.

The afternoon sun was shining on the narrow street, and some tourists were trying to peep in at the windows to see the man of power, when a carriage drove to Governor Alarcon's door, and Isabel stepped out. The soldiers marching up and down did not molest her.

"Where is Carmencita?" she asked, fluttering into the passage.

The *mozo* knocked upon a door, and Carmencita herself opened it. Into her arms, into the heart of the sweetest lady of the land, flew the love-racked maiden.

In a locked room there were storms of tears, and heart-broken confessions; and then, quiet coming, all the dews of unhappy love were wept softly out on the breast of that good woman.

Over Moratin's days in Mexico City hung gloom. And now, without warning, struck the revolutionizing lightning. A messenger brought an official communication from the palace. He tore it open; it was an order—folly to call it a request! He must repair to Diaz at once, in Cuernavaca, and make there his report. He telegraphed to Vera Cruz, telling Isabel that he must go; and not till he was on the train did the wonder of this upheaval strike him. Whither had come new day out of so black a night? Alas—if now but Isabel were true—and Isabel's heart come back once more!

To Governor Alarcon's he drove and alighted. Tourists were still trying to see the man of force. Through the guards Moratin was ushered into a bedroom, and there in an arm-chair by himself sat Diaz. Out of shadows looked his face—a face of power, of breadth, and ruggedness; the eye was still and all-comprehending; the Indian was there, the master of affairs; the father; above all, the man who holds his country in the hollow of his hand.

"Sit down," he said. "I have watched your company for years. I wanted to hear from you. Matamoros Hermanos have allowed themselves to hope falsely; I have not pledged myself."

And there the drainage fight was won. Dusk came.

"Walk out into the *patio*," said Diaz. "There is some one there."

Moratin walked out; and Diaz, stepping to his door, stood there with his wife, who seemed waiting. Down in the *patio* was a *noche buena* bush, with its red flowers. Isabel was picking one. Moratin saw, and it seemed a miracle. He came on; and the miracle turned and smiled, sad.

"Isabel!"

She could not say anything.

And the dusk having come, he took her.

Up in the darkening passage Diaz said to Carmencita: "Can you win Don Pablo to this?"

"You shall see," she answered. "I sent him word, and have had three raging telegrams already, each less raging than the last."

Diaz looked into the *patio*. "It is a good sight," said he.

—From the *San Francisco Argonaut*.

\*\*\*  
GHAZEL.

BY M. G. T.

ONLY to live and feel!  
Just to breathe the soft, balmy  
air of the Springtime.  
To have two eyes that can see  
the green of the foliage and  
the blue of the sky:  
Two ears, that can hear the birds'  
clear notes at the dawn of  
the day; the rippling brooks  
and the sing-song of the  
wind in the tree-tops:—  
A Heart that beats with life!

Only to live and feel!  
Just to live and breathe near my Beloved:  
To have two eyes that can see  
her smiles when she is gay,  
and her tears when there is woe:  
Two ears, that can hear when  
she calls, when she sighs or  
when she sings:—  
A Heart that beats all for her!  
Only to live and feel!



## MISSOURI POLICE HISTORY.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I have just read the article of Mr. Henry M. Post, in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* of Friday, the 29th, in reference to the Police Board of St. Louis, and I beg to add my testimony in reference to the controversy.

With due deference to Mr. Post's statement, permit me to say that he is mistaken altogether in this matter of the responsibility for the enactment of that police bill. It was a Republican measure, pure and simple; and under it the Police Commissioners were first appointed by Hamilton R. Gamble, Provisional Governor, with John How as President of the Board, and my father, J. E. D. Cousins, as Chief of Police, — a perilous and responsible position — which they held for four years, during the great Civil conflict, discharging the duties under difficulties which it is impossible for the present generation to apprehend or conceive.

If the measure was passed at the time that Claiborne Jackson was Governor, in March of '61, it was passed under the skillful management of that able Committee of Safety appointed by Abraham Lincoln in '61, consisting of seven men in the city of St. Louis, of which John How and Jas. O. Broadhead were conspicuous members, and my father its Chief Executive Officer.

I hold in my possession a letter of Jas. O. Broadhead emphasizing the value of the work of this committee, and there are among my father's papers, and packed away, the complete evidence of the work of this committee in pushing that bill through the Legislature at Jefferson City, the late Chas. F. Cady having the bill in charge at Jefferson City, and carrying the measure by an incredible amount of work and finesse, together with the expenditure of vast quantities of cigars and liquors, which may be credited to Democratic or Republican appetite in that direction, as the case may be.

If it was passed and signed under the Claiborne Jackson administration it reveals but one of the many discerning measures which were undertaken by that committee finally to accomplish the remarkable work which was done by it — to hold Missouri to the Union — for it was the death-warrant of Jackson, he never having opportunity to appoint, as he was skillfully maneuvered out of the Executive chair, by the manipulation of the State Convention at St. Louis, which adjourned by the cunning strategy of the Union men from Jefferson City, with Sterling Price in the chair. The ostensible purpose of the Southern sympathizers was to receive the delegates from Mississippi and Georgia, which States had already gone out of the Union, and to carry Missouri along with them by their importunate appeals. But the Union men outwitted the programme. The sergeant at arms, a Southern sympathizer, was deposed, and my father was placed in his stead.

The doors were closed to every outsider, and not a person was admitted save the members of this committee, and so vigorous were the measures proposed by the noble band of Unionists, that Sterling Price, Governor Jackson and all the leaders of the conspiracy there present, fled away in the night, burning bridges behind them, and running from Jefferson City to Neosho, with the seal of State and other archives, leaving the Unionists in control.

Governor Gamble was immediately appointed provisional Executive, appointing this first Police Board and authorizing my

father at once to procure a new seal, which was sent to Jefferson in an incredibly short space of time, the engravers working day and night, with a body-guard of vigilantes over them, detailed by the new Chief to see that no one shirked their work.

I hold in my possession the letter of acknowledgement from Gov. Gamble on the reception of the seal, written by his own hand and charging my father to keep watch and ward, and let him know any movement of the anti-Unionists.

If evils have crept into this system of our police force, it behooves all good citizens, of whatever political faith, to use their best efforts to eliminate them. An attempt to make political capital out of what was an admirable *coup d'etat* of the Unionists in that critical period of Missouri's history is reprehensible in the highest degree, and historical facts should be clearly set forth and not merely stated in bare and bold relief, without the qualifying knowledge which makes for good even that which on its face might appear as an evil.

Very sincerely yours,

Phoebe W. Cousins.

PERRY, PIKE COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

August 30th, 1902.

## CURING HICCUGHS.

"Yawning is about the best cure I know of for the hiccoughs," said an observant man, "and I have stumbled on the truth quite by accident. It was proved in my case a sure cure, and by reflection I am convinced that it is a perfectly logical result, a result explainable, too, on physical grounds. All kinds of remedies are resorted to by men who suffer periodically with hiccoughs, like stopping the ears, and drinking a glass of water slowly and without a stop, or by holding the breath, or counting, or thinking intently on some subject, and in many other ways. I have tried all of these remedies, and at times have been fairly successful in checking the hiccoughs. Again, I have seen each one of these remedies fail. In my own experience, so far as these remedies are concerned, drinking a glass of water slowly and without breathing is the most satisfactory. But it is torturing enough. On the other hand, the yawn is not only efficacious, but it is absolutely without any of the torturing features. There is, as I said before, probably a good physical reason for the yawn being a good remedy for the hiccoughs. The hiccoughs is described as being a modified respiratory movement, a spasmodic inspiration consisting of a contraction of the diaphragm, accompanied with closure of the glottis, so that further entrance of air is prevented. The impulse of the column of air entering and striking upon the closed glottis produces the sounds peculiar to the ailment. It is reasonable to assume that anything that would relieve the contracted state of the diaphragm, and would reopen the closed glottis, or partially open it, so the air could enter in a normal way, would completely relieve the situation. It would seem that the yawn, which is nothing more than a deep, long breath, would bring about this result. While the yawn is supposed to be an involuntary movement, due to drowsiness, it is yet a fact that a man can yawn at pleasure. This being true, it is easily within a man's power to cure the hiccoughs by resorting to the very simple practice of yawning. Of course I cannot say that in all cases of hiccoughs the yawn will prove a good remedy. But I believe, in all or din-

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any cases, where the annoyance is not aggravated, the yawn will do the work. At any rate, my own experience has convinced me of the fact, and, besides, there are the physical conditions to which I have referred."

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## MONEY TO LOAN

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# AUTUMN MILLINERY.

Among the hats prepared for the autumn there are a great many plateaux which lend themselves to a variety of arrangements. Some are left almost flat, resting in front on a crown of flowers, or a torsade of velvet. Others bend down front and back and have trimming underneath, above or behind the ears. Others, again, have the brim rolled up so as to form a marquise, or are rolled at the sides, amazon style. The latter sometimes have a triangular piece cut out of them at the back or just behind the ear, where the trimming—amazon feather or lace scarf—passes through this opening to hang down over the shoulders. A heart-shaped plateau promises to become very popular for the autumn. It is composed of coarse straw braids of two colors or shades and simply trimmed with a low torsade of the same straw, placed close to the indent (which is arranged to come rather far back on the left side), giving something of the effect of an oyster on its shell.

Toques are also built up of small slightly conclave plateaux, the edges of which rest on a folded brim—an arrangement that will be carried out later in felt and velvet. Besides these there are plateaux slightly convex in the center. A new idea is to surround this apology for a crown by a piece of ribbon-velvet, folded double and set up on end. Sometimes a muffin-shaped piece or a square of velvet is placed in the center of a flat plateau, bordered rather deeply with the same material.

Some rather important changes in shapes are in contemplation. For one thing, there is a return to the original form of toque, viz., with circular low blocked crown and brim turned up straight all the way round and of the same height as the crown. This toque, called by different milliners by such names as "bolero," "Mercedes toque," or "Marie Antoinette turban," although specially designed to wear with tailor-made costumes, is far from being an undress hat, since its trimming almost invariably consists of ostrich feathers, wings of handsome couteaux, to any of which sigrettes may be added. In height this toque does not exceed three inches; it may be less. It measures about eight inches in diameter and there is but a narrow space between the crown and the brim.

Other varieties of the blocked toque will also be adopted for felt. Some are downward, back and front; others are of tricorn or "marquis" shape, with the points rounded off. The brim of these is sometimes turned up vertically, but more often slants a little outward. The space between this and the crown is generally greater than in the Marie Antoinette turban, and the crown may be domed instead of flat. The new broad-brimmed sailor, with a very broad, low, flat crown, narrowing in at its base, called the "Santos," is likewise being produced in felt.

Another small shape closely resembling a Chinaman's hat lately put up in an appearance. This may consist of a conclave plateau mounted on a narrow band, or it may be a blocked shape with the brim shelving upward and an exceedingly low-domed crown. They are either bound rather deeply with velvet or lined with velvet, which is carried over the edge. Frequently the trimming is restricted to the outer side of the brim, where, besides a bunch of flowers or fruits, it includes a drooping bow made of velvet ribbon, the bows and ends of which hang down behind the ear. Hats of

this shape in brown or burned straw sometimes have the outside of the brim covered with bunches of red currants, and underneath a band of ruby velvet tied behind the ear.

Special interest must be attached to the different new methods of making up bows, rosettes, and other arrangements of ribbon or piece material, as applicable to early winter hats. Louis XV bows are now made of quilled ribbon wired in the ordinary way. A piece of the quilled ribbon may be sewn in a circle round the center of the plateau, and the rest of the ribbon be arranged in a very large wired bow resting on the back of the hat, which shelves down in the neck. The under sides of some hats are trimmed with narrow pompadour ribbons laid on flat in the form of Louis XV bows. Bows made of No 12 ribbon velvet are often placed under the brim, loops and ends hanging down behind the ear. Fan-shaped bows, with a great many loops, fastened in the center by a buckle, are laid flat on plateau hats. Another arrangement consists of a wide piece of accordion pleated satin, forming a big flat rosette, the pleats being smoothed out on either side. Ball rosettes about the size of a big orange are very fashionable. These may be made of loops of rather wide ribbon or of a fold of material closely gathered. Wide pompadour and plaid ribbons may be used for the purpose. Large flat rosettes or cockades are equally favored, particularly made in two shades of bright green or golden velvet, or of china flowered ribbon bordered with black satin, and will divide favor with seasonable flowers for the autumn months. It is understood that black flowers, mounted with green leaves, will be worn, they already having been shown on some hats.—*Millinery Trade Review.*

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## THE POINT OF VIEW.

Trouble has a trick of coming  
Butt end first;  
Viewed approaching, then you've seen it  
At its worst.  
Once surmounted, straight it wanes  
Ever small,  
And it tapers till there's nothing  
Left at all!  
So, when'er a difficulty  
May impend,  
Just remember you are facing  
The butt end;  
And that looking back upon it,  
Like as not  
You will marvel at beholding  
Just a dot!

—Edwin L. Sabin, in *Saturday Evening Post.*

\*\*\*

## O, WOMAN!

"I hate to be contradicted," she said.  
"Then I won't contradict you," he returned.  
"You don't love me," she asserted.  
"I don't" he admitted.  
"You're a hateful thing!" she cried.  
"I am," he replied.  
"I believe you're trying to tease me," she said.  
"I am," he conceded.  
"And that you do love me."  
"I do."  
For a moment she was silent.  
"Well," she said, at last, "I do hate a man who's weak enough to be led by a woman. He ought to have a mind of his own—and strength."  
He sighed. What else could he do?—*Chicago Post.*

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## A BEAUTIFUL ADVENTURE.

During the afternoon, as I was wading down the stream in advance of Major Lyon, I saw, at a distance of 200 or 300 yards ahead, a glimpse of some red-colored object moving among the bushes at the edge of the stream. Of course, I knew at once that this was a deer, and as the presence of a long and noisy bit of fast water made the matter more practicable, I concluded to see what I could do in stalking it. I could see that it was a small deer and one much persecuted by flies. Its head was directly away from me, and with its ears turned sideways and its tail upright, all three switching in discord or union, as the case might be, the animal resolved itself into three moving points of white and gray. Whenever it put down its head, I moved down stream through the rapid water, and whenever it switched its tail with the peculiar signal a deer gives when about to raise its head, I paused motionless in mid-stream, the gray color of my clothing rendering me inconspicuous in the surroundings. In this way I worked on down within fifty feet, forty feet, even within thirty feet of the deer. It was a fawn, well-grown, but still in the spotted coat, and very beautiful, indeed, it seemed. It would stand and look at me curiously and half-apprehensively, then, with a peculiar sidelong turn of the head, would go feeding again at the edge of the water, with one eye on me the while. At this close range I dared not attempt to go nearer, and finally the little creature accepted me as a part of its surroundings, and went on feeding undisturbed. I examined it very closely, the beauty and strangeness of the situation, appealing to me very keenly. No doubt the fawn's mother was near by in the thicket, but if so she did not get any hint of danger, for there was no signal to the little one on the narrow beach. We stood thus, not a biscuit-toss apart, for several minutes. Our little session was brought to an end in a manner somewhat singular.

My quiet advance had brought me to the end of the rapids, and to the head of a bit of still water, near whose edge the deer was feeding. I dared not go into this still water, for I knew that the ripples would give the alarm. Meantime, just at my left, at the foot of the rapids and in the still water, a good-sized trout broke water two or three times. The ruling passion was too strong, and at last, while the deer had its head down feeding, I gave a switch of the rod and tossed my fly over the rising trout. In an instant he had it, and in another instant he was out in mid-pool, splashing on the surface as a hooked trout will do. This disturbance in the water sent up the deer's head as though by an electric shock. Now the whole expression of its face changed. There was fear and apprehension written all over it. It looked at me steadily, curiously, with ears uplifted and tail interrogative. I stood entirely quiet, with my wrist firmly at my side, holding the butt of the rod. I doubt if the splashing of the trout in the pool would of itself have alarmed my little companion. Probably it saw the twitching of the tip of the rod, which the trout was jerking somewhat violently; at any rate, after about half a minute of this intense staring, my little friend turned slowly aside and went off into the thicket with the most dignified, high-stepping, stiff-legged gait one could imagine. Its ears were rigid and its tail as straight and stiff as a spike above its back. It did

not snort, nor bound nor run, but, with the utmost perfection of inimitable nonchalance, dignity and scorn, edged its way into the thicket, and I neither saw nor heard of it more. I fancy but few sportsmen have ever been so close to a wild deer, and a wild trout at the same time, nor have many anglers ever scared a deer in the playing of a trout. The picture was one to remain long in memory.—*Forest and Stream.*

\*\*\*

## HIS WIFE'S FAN.

"Tom, dear," said Mrs. Newlywed, the other evening, just as they were about to leave the house for the theater, "I've left my fan on the dressing-case in my room, and I can't go without it. Won't you run up and get it, that's a dear?"

Tom went up three steps at a time. A moment later his voice was heard, awfully sharp for a man who had been married but three months.

"It isn't on the dresser."

"Why, yes, it must be, dear. Look in the upper drawer in that long blue box in the left hand corner. Don't muss things all up. Is it there?"

"No, it isn't."

"Oh, it must be. Look good. Found it?"

"No I haven't."

"Well, don't get cross about it. Maybe I left it on the bed. Is it there?"

"No. I'll be—"

"Tom! If you can't do a little favor for your wife without swearing about it you needn't do it at all. Look in the second drawer of the dresser in that pink box. Is it there?"

"No, it isn't, and I knew it wasn't before I looked."

"You didn't know anything of the sort. Do find it some place. We're late now. Maybe it's on the mantel. I know I laid it down some place while I tied my bonnet. Is it on the mantel?"

"No, it's not on the mantel. I'll be eternally—"

"Tom! If you don't stop I'll take off my things and stay at home. If you'd look for the fan instead of prancing around you'd find it. See if it is in my bonnet-box. Sometimes I drop it in there. Found it?"

"Found it?" snarled Tom, jeeringly. "Talk about a needle in a haystack! It's nothing compared to a—"

"Tom Newlywed! Just as sure as you speak that way again I'll stay at home. Look on the chairs and the table and—What are you doing up there, anyhow? Upsetting chairs and kicking over things and growling like some wild animal. I'd be ashamed. I suppose I shall have to come up and hunt for the fan myself, tired as I am. Can't you find it?"

"Find nothing! A man might as well hunt for the North pole or Captain Kidd's treasure or some particular grain of sand in the bottom of the sea as to look for—"

"There, there! Stop making such a pitiful spectacle of yourself. If I were a man, I'd be a man! Look in the closet—oh, here's the fan. I declare if it hasn't been lying here on the hall rack all the time. I remember now that I laid it down when—Tom Newlywed! I'd be serving you right if I didn't go a step with you. Using such language! Come on. I suppose you'll snarl and sulk all the way down town!"

And he did.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

\*\*\*

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SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.  
Mrs. Thomas McClellan, is summering in Charlevoix, Mich.

Mrs. James G. Blair is with a party of friends at Glenwood Springs, Col.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Stockton have gone East for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. Crow, who has been summering at the Northern lakes, will return soon.

Mrs. J. T. Wallace, with her children, returned a few days ago, from Atlantic City.

Mrs. Eugene F. Williams, with her two sons, is summering at Bradmoor, Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Green, who have been visiting near Cincinnati, returned last week.

Mrs. Selwyn Edgar, who has been summering at White Sulphur Springs, returned last week.

Mr. J. W. Fristoe returned to the city last week after spending the summer at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Ed Gorman will return to the city this week after spending some time at South Haven, Mich.

Dr. and Mrs. M. F. Engman, who have been summering at South Haven, Mich., returned last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Haley, who have been summering at Hyannisport, Maine, are again at home.

Misses Jessie and Mabel Smith have passed a month in Michigan, as the guests of Mrs. Jesse A. Battle.

Mrs. Arthur Francis, who has been at South Haven, for some weeks, returned last Monday evening.

Mrs. Lilburn G. McNair is among the many St. Louisans who are at present at Glenwood Springs, Col.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Goettler and Miss Bertha Biedenstien have left Manitou Springs, and are now in Denver.

Dr. and Mrs. G. P. Holmes, who have been summering at Gull Lake, Wisconsin, returned on September third.

Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Gehring and family have returned from South Haven, and are residing at 4350 Lindell boulevard.

Miss Mildred Bell will return soon from the Northern lakes, where she has spent the greater part of her time at Ottawa Beach.

Mrs. Alfred Shotwell, who has been summering at her old home near South Haven, Mich., will return to St. Louis this fall.

Mrs. J. A. Henderson returned on Sunday from Chicago, where she has been making a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Snow.

Miss Bessie Morrison, daughter of Mrs. John W. Morrison, left, a short time ago, for New York, where she will visit friends.

Dr. and Mrs. Davis Foester, of Raymond avenue, have returned from a tour of the Northern resorts and a visit in Chicago.

Mrs. J. J. Daley, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Louise Daley, returned last week from a summer outing at Port Huron, Miss.

Mrs. Joseph N. Gettys, who has been all summer at Delavan lake, Wisconsin, has now gone to Glenwood springs for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. James J. Aull have returned home from Hyannisport, Maine, where they have passed the summer with their family.

Miss Marie Hale, upon her return from Mountain Valley, Arkansas, left for a trip through California with Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stewart, of Denver, Colorado.

Mrs. Thomas W. Crouch and her daughters, Misses Ida and Nellie Crouch, returned to their home on Delmar boulevard after a summer spent at Shelter Island.

Dr. and Mrs. T. Griswold Comstock have left Atlantic City for Saratoga Springs. Later they will go to Brockville, Ontario, to visit the Hon. W. H. Comstock, M. P.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Tyler have been, for the past few weeks, at South Haven. Mr. Tyler returned last week and Mrs. Tyler and her little daughters will follow next week.

Mrs. E. H. Lycett, of Kirkwood, accompanied by her daughters, is still in South Haven, Mich., where Miss Emily Lycett was one of the winners in the rowing contest in the water carnival festivities.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Carroll and family, accompanied by Mrs. Finis Marshall, have been summering on the St. Lawrence, and have now gone to Unionville, Mo., to visit their old home before returning.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McCormick abandoned their European tour this summer and have been, instead, at Colorado Springs, where they were ordered by their physician on account of Mrs. McCormick's health.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Luyties have been

spending the summer making a tour of the Northern Lake resorts. They spent some time at South Haven, and have now gone on to Ottawa Beach, for a short time.

Mrs. B. F. Givens returned last Saturday from Northern Michigan, where she has been making a short sojourn. Mr. Givens, who has been for several weeks in Petoskey, Mich., on a fishing trip, will not return until October.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd P. Kaiser, who have been all summer at their cottage. The Shanty, at South Haven, Mich., will close the cottage the last of this week, and after spending a few days in Chicago will return to their home in Cabanne.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Bright have sent out cards for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Fannie Mae Bright, and Mr. H. Edgar French, which will take place on Tuesday evening, October 16th. The ceremony will be performed at home, at eight o'clock, and will be followed by a reception from half-past-eight until eleven o'clock. "At home" cards are enclosed or after November 15th, at 3933 Cook avenue.

Fashionable Jewish circles were interested last week by the announcement of the engagement of Miss Blanche Altheimer and Mr. P. W. Haberman. Miss Altheimer is still in the East, where she has been all summer, but will return in October. The wedding will follow in November and will be a large and fashionable affair. Immediately after the announcement of Miss Blanche Altheimer's engagement, her brother, Mr. Maurice L. Altheimer, made known to his friends his approaching marriage to Miss Alice Kramer, of West Pine boulevard, and this wedding will take place immediately after the first.

\*\*\*

A pretty, dainty foot, however high the instep or diminutive the size, will not appear to advantage in an illy shaped shoe, but even a comparatively misshapen foot may be made to bear some semblance to beauty if incased in a boot perfect in style, fit and finish. Swope's shoes have not only these virtues, but also are noted for their durability. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

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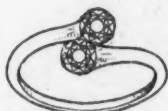
One of the most wide-awake, young organizations of St. Louis is the Spanish-American Club. The members are all pushing, hustling and ambitious, and doing their share in promoting the financial and commercial interests of the city. They make it a point to foster trade relations with the Latin countries south of the Rio Grande, to maintain the city's reputation for unstinted hospitality in entertaining visitors which speak *la lengua española*, and, incidentally, give enjoyable entertainments, including lectures and receptions. The Spanish language receives, of course, special and practical attention. The membership is rapidly growing. Both ladies and gentlemen are admitted. The club is now desirous of providing suitable quarters for the reception of Latin visitors during the next three years, and, in order to raise funds for this purpose, receiving into associate membership 250 firms, each of which shall pay annual dues of \$12.00, shall be privileged to designate one member of such firm as representative in the club, and shall also be entitled to extend the privileges of the club to all their Latin guests and families. People that are interested in the matter are invited to communicate with Mr. August Gerling, 801 Washington avenue. Considering the truly cosmopolitan and eminently useful purposes of the club, St. Louisans should find it to their advantage to join and to support it.

\*\*\*

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FATAL DEFECT.

"Good-day, gentlemen."

A very nice-looking young man stood in the doorway of the editorial room and gazed in a benign way at the occupants of the apartment.

"Would it be possible for me to sell you a story?" he continued.

"What kind of a tale have you got?" asked the editor.

"The story," said the visitor, "is one in which the triumph of love is depicted, and—"

"It isn't one of those 'and as Ethel stood there in the soft moonlight, her lithe figure sharply outlined against the western sky, there was a loud crash in Coastcliff Castle, and the girl knew that her mother had dropped the pickle-jar' kind of stories, is it? Because they won't do. We have enough of that sort of thing to keep us going for some time."

"There is nothing about pickles in this story," replied the visitor, rather haughtily; "but if you like I can read a portion of it."

"All right."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Anywhere. Suppose you give us the last sentence of it."

"I should hardly think—"

"Oh, never mind about that. We do all the thinking for young authors that come up here."

The visitor seated himself and read as follows:

"For answer Gladys' beautiful eyes dropped, but she gave him both her hands, and there, under the heavily-fruited trees, the golden bees flying all about them, and the air filled with their dreamy monotone, he drew her upon his breast and, raising her long ringlets to his lips, kissed them reverently."

"That's the last sentence, is it?" asked the editor.

"Yes, sir."

"I should hope it was."

"Why, I don't see—" began the author.

"Of course you don't. Probably you were

the hero of the novel. Did you ever hear of Thompson's horse?"

The visitor admitted his ignorance concerning that historical animal.

"Well, Thompson's horse," continued the editor, "was such an ass that he swam across the river to get a drink. Now, that fellow in your story is a match for him."

"I don't understand."

"Probably not. It is not expected of literary people. But I will tell you. This young fellow in your story is out under an apple tree, holding a girl's hand, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"And, according to the story, he 'raised her long ringlets to his lips and kissed them reverently.' Is that right?"

"Certainly."

"Now, what do you think of a young man that would go nibbling a girl's back hair when she had her face with her? Such stories do not possess the fidelity to Nature that should ever characterize the work of genius. No, sir, you cannot get the weight of this powerful journal on the side of any such young man as your story depicts. We were once young and up to the apple-tree business ourselves."

\*\*\*

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After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

100 New Rooms.

FRONTING FOREST PARK,

The Monticello.

AT KING'S HIGHWAY AND WEST PINE BLVD.

Engage family suites in new house with decorations to suit.

L. C. IRVING, Proprietor.

ROBT. JAMES (late of Country Club), Manager.



## DEATH OF JUDGE TREAT.

The death of Judge Samuel Treat, at Rochester, N. Y., will cause sincere regret in St. Louis. Up to 1887, the deceased was judge of the Federal Court of the Eastern district of Missouri, having received his commission, in 1857, from President Franklin Pierce. During his long and honorable career on the bench, Judge Treat always distinguished himself by his legal acumen, liberal-minded sagacity in the construction of laws, a rigid adherence to well-established, fundamental rules of judicial procedure, and an utmost sincerity of purpose. He knew neither fear nor flattery. He was every inch a judge, strict in a maintenance of his court's decorum, and courteous and charitable to all. His justice was even-handed, and both friend and foe fared equally well at his hands. There was something of the ruggedness and honesty of the New England Puritan about him. Bigotry was foreign to his character. Judge Treat kept step with the progress of human events. He kept his eyes to the future. His decisions covered a wide and interesting range of jurisprudence. During the first fifteen years of his judicial career, it was his duty to decide many nice, puzzling points of international, constitutional and admiralty law, and to his honor it must be acknowledged that he acquitted himself well of his frequently difficult task. The old-time Federal judges did not lie on a bed of roses. They had to cut many Gordian knots, to solve many knotty problems. It may be said that they laid out the broad highways upon which their successors are now traveling with learned ease. Experience has taught us that it is always harder to begin than to continue. Judge Treat well recognized the perplexing difficulties that confronted him in the earlier period of his administration of justice, and strove to prepare and to fortify himself by constant application to the study of legal principles and rules. His zeal, his impartiality and masterly grasp of the law secured him an enviable reputation and the respect and affection of the legal fraternity. When he convened his court for the last time in St. Louis, the attendance of members of the bar crowded the room to its utmost capacity, and the venerable judge was afforded indisputable proof that he had played his part well. His excellent portrait, which now adorns the wall of the Federal court-room in St. Louis, was unveiled at that time.

Among the many occupants of the Federal bench who achieved distinction, Judge Treat stands high. Born in Portsmouth, N. H., in 1815, he started out in life with true New England pluck and energy. After graduating from Harvard University, in 1837, he studied law in Boston and taught in an academy at the same time. In 1841, he removed to St. Louis, where he was admitted to the bar in the same year. He soon began to attract the attention of his new fellow-citizens, and was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He was afterwards re-elected for the same position six times in succession, until, as above stated, he ascended the Federal bench in 1857.

During his residence of many years in St. Louis, Judge Treat never lost his hold upon the respect and esteem of the community. His popularity was demonstrated on several occasions, expressions of sympathy and regret being especially marked, when, in 1887, he announced his intention

to retire, owing to troubles with his eyesight. Judge Treat was a fine man, in every sense of the word. He was a learned judge and a great judge. He served his country and his countrymen well. To say more is unnecessary.

## CIVIC IMPROVEMENTS.

The second convention of the American League for Civic Improvement will prove a notable gathering. It will be held in St. Paul, on September 24, 25 and 26. Everybody of any prominence in the municipal improvement propaganda will be there. The Twin Cities promise to outdo themselves in welcoming and entertaining the visitors. Hospitality will be made a fine art. The convention will listen to many reports and addresses, and do a considerable amount of work within the time allotted. The St. Louis branch of the League will be well represented. Mrs. Louis Marion McCall has promised to address the gathering on the results achieved in St. Louis, and it may be regarded as a certainty that her words will be listened to with close and earnest attention, in view of the interest now centering in St. Louis as the World's Fair City. Mrs. McCall's address should make the whole country acquainted with the zealous spirit evinced by the St. Louis League in prosecuting the work for the City Beautiful. Many St. Louisans have no adequate conception of the task which the League has voluntarily assumed, the extent of it, the difficulties encountered, and the prejudices and ignorance and stupidity which have to be overcome. There is no politics in the League. Its members have no axes to grind, no ambitions to nurse, no favors to court. They are inspired with love for their work, which has for its object the New St. Louis. And the New St. Louis is assuming more tangible shape every day. Every true St. Louisan should join the League and further its endeavors.

There is hardly a more popular, more progressive and more enterprising railroad than the Mobile & Ohio. It has been, and still is, making extensive improvements of all kinds and doing everything to heighten the pleasure and comfort of traveling over its lines. Since August 31st, the company has shortened time between St. Louis and New Orleans very considerably and has also inaugurated a dining car service *a la carte* on this route via Meridian, Miss. It is expected that travelers will appreciate this accommodating attitude on the part of the company, and the abandoning of the inconvenient system of taking meals "on the fly" at certain stations. The new system of the M. & O. will enable passengers to eat when they feel disposed, to order what they want, and require them to pay only for what they order, with a choice of anything in the gastronomic line, from a cup of coffee to a course-dinner. The new dining coaches are luxuriously fitted out. They are veritable palaces on wheels, and contain every known contrivance for comfort and convenience. The cars are brilliantly illuminated, and artistically decorated. They contain a great supply of electric fans, which keep the mercury down to the proper level. So far as the cuisine is concerned, the greatest gourmet will not be able to find fault. It will be on a scale that will excel that of the Mobile & Ohio eating house at Artesia, Miss., which has the deserved reputation of serving the best meal to be

had along the route of any railroad in this country. The new fast service of the M. & O. should prove very popular with travelers. The efficient management of the company has inaugurated it with a view solely to accommodate its patrons; everything is served and provided at as near cost as possible.

## THE MISSOURI MULE.

A muscled structure as strong as steel,  
As quick as lightning with vengeful heel,  
A bundle of cussedness wrapped in skin  
Of toughness to hold that cussedness in,  
A voice that sounds like an echoing wail  
From the pits of Sheol; a shaven tail  
That rises and falls in a forceful way  
As an automatic handle at play.  
To pump that voice when the critter tries  
To rip the seams in the trembling skies!  
He-Haw! He-Haw!  
He-Haw! He-Haw!

Comes the song of the animal, rough and raw,  
And the echoes quake as in mortal fear  
And seem all tangled and out of gear  
As they're forced to grapple and speed along,  
The notes of that dead-awakening song.  
He-Haw! He-Haw! He-Haw!

—Denver Post.

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Truly an Age of Invention.

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## A WORD-WRITING TYPEWRITER,

Destined to make back numbers of existing typewriters.

Has five new and valuable features of merit, any two of which would make a superior machine.

No larger than existing typewriters.

We are now offering to investors a limited amount of stock at 50 cents on the dollar. As soon as we have sold enough to complete equipment, manufacture and sell our machines, no more will be offered at any price.

We want a few good men for active official positions, who will invest with us.

If you are interested in the making of a choice investment, with prospects of 40 to 60 per cent profit, and which carries with it first right or preference to a good position, Write us for Prospectus.

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Telephone or send a postal, and we will call at your house for garments and return them to you promptly.

SUITS chemically cleaned and pressed, \$2.00; TROUSERS, 50c; repairing and dyeing done at moderate charges.  
Full Dress Suits to Rent for \$2.50

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Overcoats

Suitable for the Weather.  
We have them in all Styles  
and Qualities.

The Short Top Coat,  
The Medium Length Coat,  
The Long Loose Coat,

Price \$10 to \$40

We have also taken all the Imported Overcoatings from our Tailoring Department and had them made by our best St. Louis custom tailors, and placed them in stock for our swell customers.

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\$1.50 Manhattan and Star Shirts, \$1.10  
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Pleated Shirts, all collar sizes  
and sleeve lengths..... 87c

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AT THE PLAY.

THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

The large audience which attended this season's initial performance at the Century Theater, Monday night, was mightily pleased and voiced its appreciation of the "Bonnie Brier Bush" in vigorous applause. The compatriots of "Bobby" Burns were out in force. They could not refrain from humming some of the airs with which the play is interspersed. The "Bonnie Brier Bush" is, essentially, a Scotch play, a dramatization, by James MacArthur, of Ian MacLaren's stories of pastoral Highland life.

Complying with conventional stage-requirements and prevailing popular taste, the dramatist has seen fit to recast the original version; to soften some excessively harsh contours; to "comicalize" a little more than is, perhaps, necessary, and to give the denouement a more cheerful tinge.

The leading character is *Lachlan Campbell*, a highland sheep-farmer, full of religiosity of the Calvinistic type, narrow-minded and fanatical. J. H. Stoddart's rendition of this role is well nigh perfect. His portrayal of the bigoted, yet, withal, admirably rugged and honest, nature of the shepherd, is in accord with his work in the highest quality of character-delineation for many years past. If there are some minor flaws, they may be credited to the dramatist rather than the painstaking actor. In the forceful, highly dramatic second act, Mr. Stoddart rises to the opportunity presented, and succeeds in pulling the heart-strings in such a masterly fashion that the audience may be said to be completely unnerved by overmastering emotion.

The artistic spirit and grasp of technique on the part of the dramatist have combined to convert the closing scene of the second act into something that, makes up for all the faults of the other three acts. It is something that is really worth seeing. There is nothing superfluous, nothing overdone, nothing that may be said to be incongruous. The midnight interview between the suspicious, brooding and, finally, raving father, and his pleading, innocent, and only daughter, the expulsion of the latter from the paternal home, the almost demoniacally triumphant blotting out of the daughter's name in the family Bible and then the utterly unexpected break-down of the old man, his piteous whining, his kissing and caressing of the still beloved child's bonnet hanging on the chair, and his almost childish tottering towards the window, where he places the sacred book, and upon it a lit candle to guide the steps of his bairn back to the shelter of the paternal roof—all these suffice to move every human heart in the audience. It brings you back to the golden days when you first saw "Hazel Kirke."

The third act unrolls the gradual transformation in *Lachlan's* character. He has had time to repent of having been so stern to his only child; he is reproaching himself for his cruelty, his haste and his doubts of his daughter's purity of mind and heart. He is questioning himself; he becomes almost childish; in the anguish of his heart he calls for *Flora*, who has the face and hair of her dead mother. His friends and neighbors witness the transformation and make efforts to find *Flora* and bring her back. At last they succeed, and *Lachlan* welcomes her back to his roof and his love, and blesses the union between her and *Lord Donald Hay*. As all readers of Ian MacLaren must have expected, there is a certain air of con-

ventionality about the dramatic version; the play is simple; there is nothing unique or elaborate about it. For these reasons, the excellent group of actors are the more to be lauded for getting and making so much out of it.

Miss Katherine Mulkins acquits herself in a very meritorious manner of her role as *Flora Campbell*. In the first act, Monday night, she displayed symptoms of self-consciousness, but in the last three acts she developed unexpected grasp of situations, and more than normal insight into the spirit and requirements of her impersonation. Endowed with a charming personality, and that reinforced by a true artistic sense, she had no difficulty, when warming to her work, in winning the favor and appreciation of the audience. Miss Helen Holmes, as *Kate Carnegie*, is distinctly good, if, at times, a little too theatrical. She wears several gowns that are calculated to make quite a hit with feminine theater-goers. Mr. Augustine Duncan represents the dull shepherd, *Tammas Mitchell*, to perfection, while Mr. Reuben Fax, as *Posty*, is inimitable with his tipling from his bottle, his flirting and his primitively pungent wit. Once in a while, however, he comes seriously near to dropping into burly burlesque. The *Rev. John Carmichael* is well impersonated by Mr. A. Phillips. In the requisite amount of sanctity sufficiently short of sanctimoniousness, good looks and stately dignity, the young actor is up to the standard. Mr. Thomas P. Jackson is satisfactory as *Lord Donald Hay*, while Miss Bessie Baldwin, in her role of *Annie*, contributes to the gaiety of the audience with marked success.

Scenic effects are artistically appropriate. The setting of the third act is especially commendable. It may be remarked, incidentally, that the Century Theater has undergone certain renovations which will not fail to please its patrons. The disappearance of the advertising curtain will be particularly appreciated.

THE RUNAWAY GIRL.

"A Runaway Girl" at Delmar Garden this week is brighter and sprightlier than ever and the Delmar management has made no mistake in repeating it.

A big audience greeted its opening production Sunday night and big audiences have been the rule since. Miss Josephine Knapp in the prima donna role as *Winnyred Gray* is but adding to the popularity she has already gained. It is somewhat to be regretted that she was not made prima donna earlier in the season. All the pleasant things that were said about the Delmar company's production of "A Runaway Girl" earlier in the season can truthfully be repeated this week. "Follow The Man From Cook's" "The Boy Guessed Right" and "The Pickaninnies" are making the biggest hit.

Next week will be the farewell week and the Delmar Opera Company will close its season with an elaborate production of "The Rounder," one of the most pronounced of the New York Casino's successes. That well known Irish comedian J. T. Kelly has been especially engaged for the leading role of *Magginnis Pasha*, the Irish Turk. It is promised that "The Rounders" will be just as great a production as the big musical shows at the down town houses.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

The great five thousand dollar attraction which the management of Forest Park



# A GREAT DENVER TRAIN.

It leaves St. Louis at 2:15 P. M. to-day.

It arrives Denver at 3:15 P. M. to-morrow.

A train that allows over half a day in one city and the best part of the next afternoon in another city over 900 miles away meets the most exacting demands of business and tourist travel.

This is a complete through train of chair cars, sleepers and dining cars. It makes immediate connections at Denver for interior Colorado.

## ANOTHER THROUGH DENVER TRAIN AT 9:00 P. M.

For tickets, berths, folders, special Colorado and California publications, apply City Ticket Office S. W. Corner Broadway and Olive Street.

Highlands has engaged for the closing week of that popular summer resort is Liberati's Grand Military Band, to appear in two concerts daily, at the matinee and in the evening, on the stage of the pavilion. The promise to put upon the stage of the Highlands a novelty that has never appeared in vaudeville, and one that is worth \$5,000, is thus made good to the patrons.

St. Louisans at this time of the year find themselves, for the first time in twenty years, deprived of their accustomed fall music. There will be no Exposition this year; no band, such as Gilmore, Liberati, Sousa, and others have brought to this city for a season of concerts at Music Hall. Messrs. Stuever and Hopkins decided that this deprivation of a long accustomed pleasure was in a measure to be made good by bringing to their garden one of the greatest Exposition bands in the country.

Signor A. Liberati is one of the best known band leaders in America and abroad. He is a virtuoso of great power, having starred as cornetist on that instrument long before he gathered a band around him. In cornet work he is the equal of the great Levy, who first astonished Americans with his triple-tonguing on that instrument.

Liberati will bring along fifty musicians and four leading solo artists. The soloists are Miss Cleopatra Vicini, prima donna of the Bagetto Opera Company, soprano; Miss Marie Valdes, prima-donna of the famous French Opera Company of New Orleans, contralto; Sig. Antonio Bagetto, tenor of Bagetto Opera Company, and Mons. Bernard Begue, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, basso.

Bands of the magnitude of Liberati's are never engaged at summer resorts in the West. The only place where they are found is at the fashionable watering places in the East. To bring an attraction of this kind to Forest Park Highlands for a glorious closing week, shows how much the management appreciates the generous patronage they have received from St. Louis this season.

Programmes will be announced from day to day during engagement of the band and classical music, selections from the grand and light operas, compositions by the waltz king and the march king, in fact everything from the sublime to ragtime, will find representation on the programme.

Paul M. Potter's romantic drama "Under



## THE INDIAN TERRITORY

The passage of the Cherokee Treaty on August 7th calls direct attention to one of the most fertile sections of the United States. Prosperity in the Southwest is an assured fact, and the development of the Indian Territory and the consequent expansion in trade and wealth is but a question of time. In a few years this section, so long neglected, will be as well threaded with railways as is Iowa or Minnesota. Its fitness for close settlement, comparative certainty of rainfall, and natural resources make it an attractive goal for Western lines. The marvelous fertility of the soil is shown in the fact that the Government cotton report for 1901 gives the average lint production of the Territory per acre at 214 pounds, exceeded only by that of Louisiana, 260 pounds, and far in excess of the world's average, 169 pounds. The cotton industry alone is of much importance in the Territory's future.

White settlers are pouring into the Territory, unwilling to wait for the formal opening of the farm lands. They are occupying the present town sites, and are urging the platting of more. Banks are being started, new business houses opened, more newspapers established, and every feature of the development of a virgin country is going on. The coal mines are being developed rapidly, and other mineral riches will soon be brought to the surface. The immigration is of the better class—men who have sold out in Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin and are seeking for new homes which can be bought cheap and made into rich holdings.

The Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway is the pioneer railway line of the Indian Territory, and along its line is located a majority of the larger towns.

For more detailed information, write James Barker, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, St. Louis, Mo., for a copy of pamphlet, "Indian Territory." Low rate excursions on the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

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Highest recommendations for cure of Poorness of Blood, Stomach troubles and General Debility. Increases the appetite, strengthens the nerves and builds up the entire system.

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ADMISSION, INCLUDING GRAND STAND, \$1.00.  
DELMAR JOCKEY CLUB.

Two Flags," founded on the novel of the same title by Ouida, will be presented, at the Century, next Sunday. Miss Jane Kennark will be seen in the role of *Cigarette*, the heroine of the story. Her success as the warm-hearted, capricious vivandiere, whose passionate adoration for a soldier of the guards leads her to sacrifice her life, is unquestioned. Miss Kennark has had a splendid experience, and undertakes her first stellar tour under circumstances that almost insure success. For years she has been leading woman with the best known stock companies in the country, playing a line of parts that called into requisition the expression of the entire gamut of emotions. Her growth, dramatically, has been steady, and she has been content to thoroughly prepare herself before undertaking to star. Miss Kennark is supported by a cast of well-known players, including Emmet C. King, Theodore Marston, Matt B. Snyder, Wm. Welsh, Geo. Morris, Robt. Fulsom, Helen Ware, and Florence Stanley.

"The Sultan of Sulu," that merry musical satire by George Ade, of "Fables in Slang" fame, and Alfred G. Wathall, will be the opening attraction at the Olympic Sunday night. This work represents the first successful effort of two of the most promising young men yet turned out of Chicago. In addition to a libretto bristling with wit, "The Sultan of Sulu" is supplied with over a score of rhythmical lyrics scintillating with original fun. Although written by the king of American slangsters, the book is free of slang. Mr. Ade's songs range from topical burlesque to stirring military lyrics, while the Wathall score is described as especially adapted to the humorous scheme of the book. The satire treats of the peaceful assimilation of *Ki-ram*, the Sulu sultan and his pretty wives. The entire retinue secures divorce as soon as the Stars and Stripes are run up over the Sultan's palace and while being tutored in the art of flirting by the delegation of Boston schoolma'ams who accompany the expedition to the island, they furnish no little amusement for the soldiers and marines in Uncle Sam's service. The education of the sultan is taken in hand by Col. Budd, a former "Arkansaw" politician. *Ki-ram* also soon learns that the Constitution and the cocktail follow the flag. He finds himself in jail for failure to pay alimony. When about to be executed for conspiring against the new government, word comes from Washington that the Constitution follows the Flag on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays only, and he is restored to his authority. The company number eighty people with a brilliant singing chorus of pretty girls. The cast contains a number of St. Louis favorites, among them Maude Lillian Berri, Frank Moulan, Gertrude Quinlan, Fred Frear, Blanche Chap-

man, Robert Lett, Templer Saxe and others. There will also be an orchestra of twenty-two pieces under the direction of Alex Spencer.

The opening at the Standard theater with Irwin's New Majestic Burlesquers in "Clancy Is King," was a decided success. "Billy" Watson as an Irishman in the first part does some very clever comedy work. The musical numbers were well rendered. Some of them are on the "catchy" order and the girls in the chorus made them more effective than they might otherwise have been by their chic ways and sprightly dancing. The vaudeville "turns" were good and, on the whole, the initial performance of the "two frolics-a-day" playhouse was quite entertaining. The "Utopians" will be the next attraction.

The Buhler-Kemble-Rising Company, gave a revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. Buhler played *George Harris* quite effectively. The *Topsy* of Lillian Kemble was a revelation to her many admirers. Will S. Rising was excruciatingly funny as *Marks*, the lawyer, and the *Uncle Tom* of Frank Durant, the *Legree* of Lee Stewett and the *Ophelia* of Louise Orendorf deserve special mention. On Friday evening, September 5th, Lillian Kemble's benefit occurs, when a monster programme will be given. One act from "As You Like It," one from "Sapho" and one from "Carmen" will be presented. Next week "Hamlet" is underlined.

A committee once called on Wu Ting-fang, the Chinese minister, who has been ordered home, to request him to address a society connected with one of the fashionable churches of Washington. Casual mention was made of the fact that the youthful pastor of the church had recently resigned, to enter upon a new field of labor on the Pacific Coast. "Why did he resign?" asked Mr. Wu. "Because he had received a call to another church," was the reply. "What salary did you pay him?" "Four thousand dollars." "What is his present salary?" "Eight thousand dollars." "Ah!" said the disciple of Confucius; "a very loud call!"

A good story is related of Henry Clay Dean, the famous orator of a generation or so ago. Mr. Dean was generally referred to as "Henry Clay Dean, of Iowa, even long after he had established a home in Missouri. He explained his change of habitation in this way: "You see, they passed a nefarious prohibition law in Iowa, and there's your whisky gone. Then they abolished capital punishment, and there's your hanging gone. And now the whole population seems to be drifting toward universalism, and there's your hell gone. I can't live in a State that has neither hell, hanging, nor whisky."

The chief need of the ping-pong player—some method for picking up, without stooping, the balls that drop from the table—has at last been filled by an inexpensive bit of apparatus which has recently been introduced in the East. It is a slender stick, which may be kept under the table like the "bridge" used in billiards. At the end of the stick is a deep cup of soft rubber with a bell-shaped mouth, just a trifle larger than the celluloid ping-pong ball. It is only necessary to "jab" the ball and it comes up without fail on the end of the stick.

Not long ago, Congressman Beidler, of Ohio, went into a Washington restaurant, and ordered a steak and said: "Have it well done, and have it in a hurry." The colored waiter hesitatingly suggested: "Ef yo' is in a hurry, boss, why don't you have yo' steak rare, and den yo' won't have to wait so long."

"Think he's better fitted for Congress than any one else in your district, do you?" "I should say; he's a natural-born Congressman. Why he can take any old anecdote, twist it around a little, and tell it as if it had been an actual experience of his own."—*Philadelphia Press*.

FAME—"Why do you think your town is entitled to distinction?" asked the tourist. "Because, stranger," responded the native, "we barred out automobiles and refused a Carnegie library."—*Chicago Daily News*.

## CENTURY

THIS WEEK,  
J. H. STODDART in  
THE BONNIE  
BRIER BUSH.  
Wed. and Sat. Mats.

Next Sunday, Sept. 7,  
The \$40,000 N. Y.  
Academy of Music  
Production  
UNDER TWO FLAGS  
With Jane Kennark  
as "Cigarette"  
Seats on sale Thursday

## OLYMPIC

NEXT SUNDAY, SEPT. 7,

### The Sultan of Sulu.

By George Ade.

A Magnificent Musical Production.

## Koerner's

Week Com. Sunday, Sept. 7th.

### HAMLET

LILLIAN KEMBLE BENEFIT

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th.

SPECIAL PROGRAMME.

NEXT Hazel Kirke NEXT

## FOREST PARK HIGHLANDS

THE BIG PLACE ON THE HILL.  
COME AND LOOP THE LOOP.

Two Performances Daily, Rain or Shine.

MATINEE AT 3—EVENINGS, 8:30.

LAST WEEK OF

THE GIRL WITH THE AUBURN HAIR.

MR.—THE SWICKARDS—MRS.

A Unique Comedy Singing Act.

Direct from Hammerstein's Paradise Gardens.

BEROL AND BEROL,

In Their Original European Novelty,

"The Artist and the Ragpicker."

FLOOD BROTHERS.

Comedy Gymnasts.

RACETTI BROTHERS.

Barrel Jumpers.

AGNES R. BEHLER,

American Chansonette, assisted by

MASTER WRIGHT:

ADMISSION TO GROUNDS FREE.

PAVILION 10c and 25c. RESERVED SEATS 50c

As a Special Feature for our closing week the management will pay

\$5,000

To an attraction that has never appeared in Vaudeville, and the one best calculated to please the patrons of the Highlands.

## BEAUTIFUL Delma R

Every Night at 8:15; Sat. Mat. at 2:30.  
Second Triumphant Week at Delmar.

### A Runaway Girl.

Chorus of Stunning Show Girls.

By arrangement Daly Estate.  
Scenic Railway—Old Mill Wheel—Steeplechase  
—Midway Features—Restaurant in Delmar Cottage—Band Concerts Daily Except Saturday.  
Reserved seats at C. & A. R. Ticket Office.

SEPT. 7—FAREWELL WEEK,  
THE ROUNDERS  
TAKE ANY CAR.

## STANDARD

MR. FRED. IRWIN'S

### MAJESTIC BURLESQUERS

Presenting the Side-Splitting Burletta,

"Clancy is King."

Comprising the Entire Cast, Mounted with Elaborate Scenery and Electrical Effects.

NEXT WEEK,  
"UTOPIANS."





## The Mirror

### HEALTH RESORTS.

In the progress of railway extension and mining development of late years health springs have been found so numerous and in so many places that we can do little more than name those which have become the popular health resorts of Colorado, though nearly all have merits that make them eligible as first-class watering places.

Manitou, the beautiful little city nestled in the hills at the foot of Pike's Peak, is world-renowned as the leading fashionable resort of the Far West. Its numerous hotels and dwellings are fashioned after those of the popular seaside resorts. Its splendid drive-ways, overshadowed by sublime mountain peaks, lead through delightful parks and glens to waterfalls, caves, canons, all possessing attractions of enchanting beauty and singular interest.

Of almost equal fame is Glenwood Springs, a picturesque and charming city in the shadow of the Rockies, over in the beautiful valley of the Grand. This is one of the most noted resorts for invalids in the country and a popular rendezvous of the pleasure-seeking tourist. In the midst of the city and the groups of springs are the bathhouses, containing a swimming pool of natural, not sulphur, water, 70x110 feet in dimensions. The splendid mountain streams near at hand are teeming with mountain trout, while hills and forests abound in game.

Idaho Springs is a lovely village, nestling among the grandest mountains in the world. For the excellence of its mineral springs and baths, for its magnificent scenery, and by reason of its admirable location and well adapted equipments, it naturally becomes one of the best health resorts in Colorado. This fact is claimed for the springs by thousands of people who understand the superior nature of its climate and the excellence of its local hygienic advantages. The place is of easy access, affording one of the most interesting trips in the State. It is situated at the head or western end of Clear Creek Canon, in Clear Creek County, and is thirty-seven miles from Denver. Idaho Springs is one of the oldest resorts in the State, and is better known and more extensively patronized as a cure than as a place merely of recreation and pleasure, though its environments possess all the characteristic charms of the Rockies. The water possesses the most positive healing virtues for many diseases, as thousands of sufferers have attested. Ample accommodations have been provided, and visitors are entertained at the ordinary prices prevailing elsewhere. The waters—hot and cold—for drinking or bathing are especially efficacious in kidney diseases and the worst forms of rheumatism, and consumptives also find extraordinary benefits from a seasonable residence in the place.

Because of its natural healthfulness, its delightful climate and its charming location, a large sanitarium has been established at the city of Boulder, with ample accommodation and all the modern equipments for the pleasure and comfort of the visitor and the careful, scientific treatment of the invalid. Boulder is situated at the foot of the mountains, at the head of Boulder Valley, only twenty-seven miles from Denver. It is reached by two lines of railway, and is the terminus of the Boulder Valley branch of the Union Pacific. The Colorado & North-western Railroad runs from Boulder to the mining camps of the county.

To enable persons to reach these favored localities without unnecessary expenditure

of time or money, the Union Pacific has put in effect very low rates and splendid train service, three trains leaving Missouri River daily for Denver, one of which is "The Colorado Special," the finest and fastest train in the West. Accommodations are provided for all classes of passengers on these trains, the equipment including free reclining chair cars, dining cars, buffet, smoking cars, drawing room sleepers, and day coaches, etc.

#### A LOT IN A NAME.

The Dutch word for an up-to-date motor carriage is "Snelpaardalooszonderewegpet-roolryting."—*Temple Magazine*.

What! Nothing in a name? No, no,  
We must protest it isn't so,  
As most find out by practice,  
Much in a name may often be;  
Read on and you will clearly see  
How well assured this fact is.

Thus, should you have a motor car,  
And find your friends and neighbors are,  
Impelled by envy, slighting,  
You must not let the petty word  
Of "car" be by those neighbors heard  
When you're its points reciting.

No! there's a way, we would submit,  
By which they must take more of it  
When in its praise uniting;  
Call it, if you would cause a stir,  
Your "Su-el-paar-dal-oor-on-der-  
Speer-weg-pet-rool-ry-ting!"  
Who, in the face of that, will claim  
That there is nothing in a name?

He (who has offended her): "Won't you look up at me?" She: "If I did, you'd kiss me again." He: No, honest, I won't." She: "Then what's the use?"—*Life*.

The Lady: "Did anyone call while I was out?" The Maid: "No, ma'am." The Lady: "That's very strange. I wonder what people think I have an 'at home day' for."—*Moonshine*.

Best Watches—Mermod & Jaccard's.



**COLORADO**  
**UTAH AND THE PACIFIC COAST**  
BEST REACHED VIA THE  
**MISSOURI PACIFIC RY.**  
OBSERVATION PARLOR CAFE DINING CARS MEALS A LA CARTE  
AND PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS WITH ELECTRIC LIGHTS AND FANS.  
DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE. NO CHANGE OF CARS TO CALIFORNIA. LOW EXCURSION RATES.

Ticket Office, S. E. Cor. Sixth and Olive.



**The Cool Northern Route**  
to the  
**Mountains**  
**Lakes and Sea**  
APPLY TO NEAREST TICKET AGENT, OR ADDRESS  
C. S. CRANE, G. P. & T. A., ST. LOUIS, MO.

## SUMMER TOURISTS

will find the Chicago & Alton Railway prepared to quote the lowest current rates and offer the best service to all Summer Resorts in Wisconsin, Michigan, Colorado, etc. Tours include attractive and economical trips via the finest Steamers on the Great Lakes For information, pamphlets and rates apply at Ticket Office, Sixth & Olive streets or write to D. Bowes, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago & Alton Railway, St. Louis, Mo..

## "THE ONLY WAY"

### IT NEVER WEARS OUT.

You may break, you may shatter  
Man's heart if you will;  
But it always is good for  
Another break still!

"Well, Ethel, what did you find at that wonderful fire sale?"

"Oh, Edgar, I got some lovely silk stockings, at seventeen cents a pair! There is not a thing the matter with them except the feet are burned off."—*Detroit Free Press*.



## THE STOCK MARKET.

There are still a good many optimistic featherheads, who continue to delude themselves that there will soon be a tremendous boom in stocks of all kinds. They have figured it out, to their own satisfaction, that the money market will remain easy; that there will be heavy gold imports; that Morgan is about to pull Wall street in a cheerful frame again; that the strike is about to be settled; that railroads will soon refuse to transport passengers and confine themselves to freight-traffic, owing to bumper crops, that, in short, everything will be so darned prosperous, wealthy and buoyant that stocks will go "out of sight" altogether. Alas, poor Yorick! Such are the ways of thinking of the average outsider. There is no use arguing with him, especially when he is "loaded up" with stocks and eager to scalp profits.

The determination of Mr. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury, to keep from buying bonds and from pouring millions into the capacious maw of Wall street syndicates, has somewhat upset the calculations of stock-jobbers. They had confidently relied on their ability to force Mr. Shaw to do something to promote bull efforts and to prevent money rates from soaring sky-high. The invitation to increase bank note circulation is not relished very much. It is too slow a method to afford proper relief; neither is it profitable to either bank or syndicate. If Mr. Shaw had been more accommodating and disbursed, say, \$10,000,000, the wheels of the bull faction would have set to grinding again with a rush. Wall street has always looked to the Treasury for relief in times of money-pinches. It could never get it into its head that the most logical and effective way to keep money easy is to stop boosting stocks.

In spite of roseate expectations of "overloaded" cliques and magnates, there is little reason to believe that the money market is out of all danger. Artificial props are not the safest means of preventing a collapse. The higher stocks go, the worse becomes the situation, and the stronger the probability of a hair-raising "slump." The Wall street bull is not on "easy street." Far from it. His horizon is anything but bright. The reserves of the Associated Banks are unusually, dangerously low. They are out of all proportion to liabilities. They call for contraction of credit, for liquidation of a radical character. It requires only a glance at the table of quotations, of the present time and of 1898, to obtain an adequate idea of what has been done in the last four years. Prosperity has been more than discounted in most instances. There are still some stocks which may be said to be tempting propositions, but they are too much overshadowed by the wild inflation in others. As the days pass, it becomes quite evident that there is no justification for margin-speculators to entangle themselves to any decided extent in the nets of Wall street. The syndicates are getting out of their stocks as fast as they can. They issue bullish pronouncements; they rig and "fix" money markets and foreign exchange; they manipulate earnings; they tempt Mr. Shaw, all for the purpose of securing good opportunities of "unloading," and of preventing disaster before a conclusion of the programme.

There is no use any more to dwell upon the merits of special stocks, of making predictions, and of going into special details about the general situation. The New York

stock exchange is controlled by men who play for hundreds of millions; by men who are confronted by frowning danger; by men who consider the public legitimate prey, and who do not hesitate at trickery and deception. The writer of these columns is no pessimist. He has always made it a point to keep readers well informed; to apprise them of dangers, and of the ways of Wall street. Many years' experience has taught him that the public is always the loser when the game comes to a finish. And he is fully convinced that the great majority of stocks are nothing but the pawns of gamblers at the present time. A sharp decline would do good all around. It could not be construed as a sign of retrogression, unless the industrial situation should undergo a material change at the same time.

The sharp decline in sterling exchange is due, entirely, to renewed borrowing on a large scale. There has been no improvement in the international trade position. Exports of breadstuffs are still considerably below the record of last year, and imports are steadily increasing. New York bankers still talk of a decided change for the better in the near future, but they may be reckoning without the host. It is entirely too much the fashion in Wall street to discount things which are less than probabilities. The discounting process has been overdone. If it has not been overdone, it would not be a bad thing to allow the rest of the country to catch up with the stock ticker.

It is to be hoped that the rumors of an approaching adjustment of anthracite coal troubles are based on facts. The public has become heartily sick and tired of the strike. The more one studies it, the more one is inclined to believe that the operators will derive the greatest and only benefit from the long tie-up. They are disposing of their excessive stocks at fairly good profits, with coal going at \$14 per ton. The earnings of coal roads are decreasing, it is true, but they would have decreased still more if the strike had not intervened. The stock of anthracite had become too unwieldy, and, to prevent a dangerous congestion and drop in prices, the operators thought it advisable to turn a deaf ear to the demands of the strikers.

Speculative markets abroad are still depressed. There is no activity. It is believed that the disappointing situation is due to summer-dullness as well as the uncertainty about the state of affairs in South Africa. The mining corporations complain of scarcity of labor. They are also afraid of the plans of the British government to impose heavy taxes; in fact, they consider it likely that they will be more handicapped under the new regime than they were under the old. Owing to all this, the belief is growing in financial quarters that gold production of the Witwatersrand reefs will not be on a very large scale this year. The European markets are also depressed by overhanging loans. British consols are decidedly weak, and dropped to about 94% a few days ago.

## LOCAL SECURITIES.

Activity in the local market is still small, and confined to a few issues. Brokers report, however, that inquiries are increasing, and that there are many buying orders waiting for a moderate set-back. Bulls have not lost faith in their position. They are firmly convinced that with the approach of autumn things will liven up considerably, and that continued ease of money may be expected for months to come. Let us hope

## THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT DEPOSITORY.

CAPITAL, - - - \$1,000,000.00

SURPLUS, - - - \$1,000,000.00

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Letters of Credit Available in All Parts of the World.

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Sole Agents North German-Lloyd S. S. Line.

## LINCOLN TRUST CO.

SEVENTH AND CHESTNUT STS.

PAYS 2% INTEREST

ON REGULAR CHECK ACCOUNTS.

(Credited Monthly.)

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$3,500,000

## Missouri Trust Company

OF ST. LOUIS.

OLIVE AND SEVENTH STREETS.

3% on Savings Deposits.  
Compounded Semi-Annually.  
2% Paid on Current Accounts.  
Credited Monthly.Safe Deposit Boxes  
For Rent,  
\$5.00 Per Annum.

## WHITAKER &amp; COMPANY,

(Successors to Whitaker &amp; Hodgman)

Bond and Stock Brokers.

Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on Application.

300 NORTH FOURTH ST.,

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H. WOOD, President. RICH'D B. BULLOCK, Vice-Prest. W. E. BERGER, Cashier.

## JEFFERSON BANK,

COR. FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES. - ST. LOUIS, MO.

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.



# St. Louis Union Trust Co.

Capital, Surplus and Profits,

\$9,000,000.00.

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

**GUY P. BILLON,**

BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING, ROOM 208.

Dealer in Municipal, Local and all Investment Securities. Railroad Stocks and Bonds a specialty. Buys and sells for cash or carries on margin. Negotiates loans on Real Estate and other Securities.

## Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for the MIRROR by Guy P. Billon  
Stock and Bond Broker, 421 Olive street.

### CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted.
Gas Co. (Gld) 4	J D	June 1, 1905	102 3/4 - 103
Park 6	A O	April 1, 1905	109 - 110
Property (cur) 6	A O	April 10, 1906	110 - 111
Renewal (gld) 3.65	J D	June 25, 1907	101 1/4 - 101 3/4
" 4	A O	April 10, 1908	104 - 105 1/4
" 3 1/2	J D	Dec. 1, 1909	102 1/4 - 103
" 3 1/2	J J	July 1, 1911	111 - 112
" 3 1/2	F A	Aug 1, 1919	104 - 105
" 3 1/2	M S	June 2, 1920	104 - 106
" ster. 2:00 4	M N	Nov 2, 1911	107 - 108
" (gld) 4	M N	Nov 1, 1912	107 1/4 - 108 1/4
" 4	A O	Oct 1, 1913	107 1/4 - 110
" 4	J D	June 1, 1914	109 - 110
" 3.65	M N	May 1, 1915	104 - 105
" 3 1/2	F A	Aug 1, 1918	102 1/4 - 103
World's Fair 3 1/2	A O	April 1, 1902	100 1/4 - 101
Interest to seller.			
Total debt about			\$ 23,856,277
Assessment			352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.,	F A	Aug 1, 1903	104 1/4 - 105 1/4
Funding 6	F A	Feb 1, 1921	112 - 104
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J D	June, 1920	104 - 106
" 4	A O	April 1, 1914	104 - 106
" 4 5-20	M S	Mar 1, 1918	102 - 103
" 4 10-20	M S	Mar 1, 1918	103 - 105
" 4 15-20	M S	Mar 1, 1918	104 - 105
" 4 20-20	M S	Mar 1, 1918	105 - 106
" 4 10-20	J D	July 1, 1919	105 - 107
" 4 10-20	J D	June 1, 1920	104 - 106
" 3 1/2	J J	July 1, 1921	101 - 103

### MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	Whn Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	81 - 84
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 - 101
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	107 - 109
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	107 - 109
Commercial Building 1st	1907	104 - 106
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	100 - 101
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 - 101 1/2
Kinloch Tel Co. 6s 1st mort.	1928	109 - 111
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	108 1/2 - 109
Merchants Bridge 1st mort 6s	1929	116 1/2 - 117
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1830	112 1/2 - 113
Mo Electric Lt 2d 6s	1921	115 - 116
Missouri Edison 1st mort 5s	1927	90 - 90 1/2
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 - 101
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	97 - 97 1/2
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 - 100
St. L. Troy & Eastern Ry 6s	1919	101 - 104
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	101 1/2 - 105
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 - 80

### BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend	Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$30	July, '02, 2 Q	328	- 331
Boatmen's	100	July, '02, 3 1/4 SA	247	- 249
Bremen Sav.	100	July, '02, 8 SA	325	- 350
Fourth National	100	May, '02, 5 SA	335	- 345
Franklin	100	June, '02, 4 SA	190	- 200
German Savings	100	Jan. '02, 6 SA	400	- 410
German-Amer.	100	Jan. '02, 20 SA	775	- 825
International	100	June, '02, 1 1/2 Qy	177	- 185
Lafayette	100	July, '02, 3 Qy	230	- 232
Mechanic's Nat.	100	July, '02, 10 SA	525	- 570
Merch.-Laclede	100	July, '02, 2 1/2 Qy	299	- 300
Nat. Bank Com.	100	July, '02, 4 SA	180	- 205
Nat. Bank Com.	100	July, '02, 2 1/2 Qy	400	- 401
Nat. Bank Com.	100	May, '02, 3 SA	130	- 132
Nat. Bank Com.	100	July, '02, 3 SA	115	- 125
Nat. Bank Com.	100	June, '02, 3 SA	217	- 219
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Mar. '02, 2 Qy	330	- 334
Nat. Bank Com.	100		110	- 120

\*Quoted 100 for par.

## TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend	Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Cen. Tr. Co.	100			177 - 178
Colonial	100			218 - 219
Com'nw'th T. Co.	100	July, '02, 2 Qr	306	- 314
Lincoln	100	Sept. '02, 2 Qy	273	- 274
Miss. Valley	100	July, '02, 3 Qr	458	- 460
St. Louis Union	100	July, '02, 2 1/2 Qr	383	- 385
Title Trust	100	July, '02, 1 1/2 Qy	117	- 118
Mercantile	100	Aug. '02, 1 Mo	422	- 425
Missouri Trust	100		128	- 129
Ger. Trust Co.	100		215	- 215 1/2

## STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS.

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J & J	1912 101 - 102
10-20s 5s	J & J	1907 108 - 109
Citizens' 20s 6s	Dec. '88	
Jefferson Ave.	M & N	1905 105 - 107
1st 5s	F & A	1911 106 - 107
Lindell 20s 5s	J & J	1913 115 - 116
Comp. Hg'ts U.D. 6s	J & J	1913 115 - 116
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M & N	1896 105 - 106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	M & N	1910 100 1/2 - 101
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	M & N	1910 100 1/2 - 101
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J & J	1913 102 - 103
St. L. & Sub.		80 - 84
do Con. 5s	F & A	1921 104 - 105
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M & N	1914 117 - 120
do Meramec Rv. 6s	M & N	1916 113 - 114
do Incomes 5s		1914 92 - 97
Southern 1st 6s	M & N	1904 102 - 103
do 2d 25s 6s		1909 106 - 107
do Gen. Mfg. 5s	F & A	1916 107 - 108
U. D. 25s 6s	J & D	1918 120 1/2 - 121
E. St. Louis & Sub.		57 1/2 - 58
E. St. Louis & Sub.	A & O	1932 98 - 99
do 1st 6s	J & J	1925 103 - 107
United Ry's Pfd.	July '02, 1 1/2	84 1/2 - 84 3/4
" 4 p. c. 50s	J & J	87 1/2 - 87 3/4
St. Louis Transit		31 1/2 - 32 1/2

## INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend	Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	100	July '02, 4 p. c.	285	- 286

## MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Car-Fdry Co	100	July '02, 1/4	34 — 35
" " pfd	100	July '02, 1 1/4 Qy	92 — 93
Bell Telephone.	100	Aug. '02, 2 Qy	165 — 170
Bonne Terre F.C	100	May, '96, 2	2 — 4
Central Lead Co.	100	June '02, 1/4 Mo	128 — 135
Cen. Coal & C.com	100		67 1/2 — 68 1/2
" " pfd	100		
Consol. Coal.....	100	Jan. '02 1.....	19 — 20
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Sept. '02, 1/4 Mo	132 — 138
Granite Bi-Metal	100		207 1/2 — 210
Hydraulic P.B.Co	100		93 — 98
Kennard com.....	100	Aug '02, 10 A	110 — 115
Kennard pfd.....	100	Aug. '02, 3 1/4 SA	118 — 122
Laclede Gas com.....	100	Sept. '02, 2	89 — 90
Laclede Gas pfd..	100	June '02, 2 1/4 SA	107 — 108
Mo. Edison pfd..	100		40 — 43
Mo. Edison com..	100		17 — 17 1/2
Nat. Stock Yards	100	July '02, 1 1/4 Qy	100 — 101
Schultz Belting..	100	July '02, 2 Qy	97 — 100
Simmons HdwCo	100	Mar. '02, 6 A	158 — 160
Simmons do pfd.	100	Sept. '02, 3 1/4 SA	143 — 144
Simmons do 2 p.	100	Apr. '02, 4 SA	145 1/2 — 146 1/2
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Sept. '02, 1 1/4 Qy	22 — 23
St. L. Brew. pfd	100	Jan. '00, 2	66 — 68
St. L. Brew. com	100	Jan. '99, 4.....	61 — 62
St. L. Cot. Comp	100		60 — 65
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Aug. '02 1 Qy	74 — 77
Union Dairy.....	100	Aug. '02, 2 Qy	135 — 150
West'haus Brake	100	50 Sept. '02, 7 1/2.....	160 — 200
" Coupler	100		46 — 48

that they are right, and that they have not overlooked a few things which are constantly attracting the attention of ultra-conservatives.

There has been marked dullness in bank and trust company issues. Holders of these shares seem to be satisfied with conditions and prospects, and confident of a rise before a great while. While they are in such a frame of mind, a decline is out of the question, and it does not take much of a buying order to induce prices to jump up.

St. Louis Transit is moving within narrow limits, but firm. The stock is not offered in large lots below 32. But, it seems, above that point there are a good many willing to let go. United preferred is quiet and maintaining its position.

Bank clearances are somewhat smaller than they used to be some weeks ago. Sterling exchange is weak, and quoted at \$4.86 1/4. New York exchange is dropping.

## ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

J. F.—There is no reason, at present, why you should be in a hurry to sell your Mexican bonds. They are not strictly first-class, of course, but safer, and certainly cheaper, than many of our securities which sell on a 3 per cent basis. Erie common should be good for a "long pull." Would not buy any more at present figures. You might average up on a drop.

J. G. O'D., Helena, Ark.—The county bonds you refer to are perfectly safe. The officials are good business men. Would not recommend investing in oil stocks. Tennessee settlement 3s are closely held, and therefore hard to buy.

H. H. D.—You are mistaken. Consols did not touch 90 during the Boer War. Cannot advise purchases of L. & N. on margin. Biscuit common is not too high. Leave American Ice alone.

O. T.—You did well in selling. Keep out of the market for a little while. St. Paul common is a good stock for investment. Atchison preferred is no speculative favorite any more. The earnings of the Central of Georgia continue large.

F. F. S.—Lawrence, Kansas.—Leave mining stocks alone. Frisco 2nd preferred may be regarded as a safe 4 per cent dividend-payer. Am sorry you have different ideas about Amalgamated. If you have money to burn, you may try your luck on the short side of it.

S. W. McD., Guthrie, O. T.—If you have a good profit, would advise selling, with a view to buying back at a lower price. Kansas & T, 2nd 4s are fairly good. Iron Mountain 4s had a sharp rise, but should be worth 100.

H. J.—Brewing bonds are not regarded as first-class investments. You might sell, since you have a profit. Would prefer Laclede.

Wedding invitations, in correct forms, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. 100 fine calling cards and engraved copper plate; \$1.50; 100 cards from your plate, \$1.00

SOCIABLE—"Well, well," remarked Farmer Korntop at the Zoo, "this here lion 'pears to be real good-natured." "Mebbe," suggested his good wife, "it's one o' them social lions ye read about in the papers."—Philadelphia Press.

## Mississippi Valley Trust Company,

N. W. COR. FOURTH AND PINE STREETS.

Capital, Surplus and Profits, \$7,500,000

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## SOCIETY WOMAN'S MISTAKE.

One of the most remarkable as well as embarrassing personal experiences in which a woman could find herself was related a few evenings ago at a card party by a popular and attractive society woman who lives on the West side of New York. She was going in a trolley car to attend a charity function in the Waldorf-Astoria. It was raining and she had brought along her husband's silk umbrella. When she got out a handsome man who sat next to her got out also. She put up the umbrella and the gentleman paused by her side.

"Would you be so good as to let me walk with you under the umbrella?" he asked.

She hesitated, but it was raining hard. The man was evidently a gentleman. His silk hat was being ruined. She consented. Not a word was spoken. He accompanied her to the hotel and followed her in. It was an embarrassing moment. The gentleman did not leave her. She gave him a surprised look and bowed his dismissal, but he came a step nearer. "Excuse me," he said, lifting his hat, "but you have my umbrella."

She looked at the handle and for the first time observed that the umbrella she carried was not her husband's. She must have left that in the car and taken the other by mistake. Explanation followed, but she never learned who her escort was. She telephoned to her husband to call for her with an umbrella on his way home from business.—New York Times.

## EACH HELPED THE OTHER.

A judge who is now eminent migrated to a Western town. Months of idleness with no prospect of improvement had induced him to seek a new home. Without money to pay his fare, he boarded a train for Nashville, intending to seek employment as reporter on one of the daily newspapers. When the conductor called for his ticket, he said:

"I am on the staff of the — of Nashville; I suppose you will pass me by?"

The conductor looked at him sharply.

"The editor of that paper is in the smoker, come with me; if he identifies you, all right."

He followed the conductor into the smoker; the situation was explained. Mr. Editor said: "Oh, yes, I recognize him as one of the staff; it is all right."

Before leaving the train, the lawyer again sought the editor: "Why did you say you recognized me? I'm not on your paper."

"I am not the editor, either. I'm traveling on his pass, and was scared to death lest you should give me away."

"I have only the most distant relatives." "Has the family run out?" "No; they have all become rich."—Indianapolis News.



# CRAWFORD'S

Bigger and Better Bargains Than Ever Will be Found This Week at  
ST. LOUIS' GREATEST STORE, to start September selling with a boom.

## Boys' Good School Clothing.

One lot Young Men's Suits for early fall wear, age 12 to 19 years, in all-wool Scotch mixtures, light and dark colors; were sold for \$5 00 and \$6 50—will close this lot  
**\$2.98 and \$3.98**

One lot Boys' Two-piece Suits, all sizes, from 7 to 16 years; these are actual \$5 and \$6 values; swell check plaids and nobby interwoven effects—  
all lumped at **\$2.50 and \$3.50**

## Men's Furnishings.

While they last we will sell 500 boxes Men's 20c Reversible Linen Cuffs  
at, per box **5c**

Men's Fine Fancy Embroidered Half Hose—our 22½c value,  
all sizes **12½c**

All of our 35c and 50c Fancy Lisle Half Hose **23c**

## Bargains in

## School Supplies.

10c Single Slates.....	5c
35c Double Slates.....	20c
Wood Slate Pencils, dozen.....	10c
Soap Stone Pencils, dozen.....	5c
Slate Pencils, dozen.....	2c
Lead Pencils, dozen.....	5c
Lead Pencils, with rubber, dozen.....	10c
Pen Holders, 1c each—dozen.....	10c
Pen Holders, each.....	2c, 5c and 10c
Colored Crayons, a box.....	5c
Colored Pencils, a box.....	5c
Erasers, each.....	1c, 2c, 3c and 5c
Ink, a bottle.....	4c
Rulers.....	1c, 5c and 10c
Globes.....	25c, 75c and \$1 98
Pencil Tablets, extra large.....	5c
Note books.....	5c
Ink Tablets.....	5c, 10c and 15c
Pencil Boxes.....	5c, 10c and 15c
School Straps.....	5c
School Bags.....	2c, 5c and 25c
Pen Points, dozen.....	5c
Compasses.....	10c and 25c
Pen Wipers.....	15c
Fountain Pens.....	10c, 25c, 50c to \$5 00
Sponges.....	1c

## Bargains in Black Goods.

Which cannot be duplicated later on.  
At 39c—46-inch good quality Black Wool Cheviot Suitings; regular price 55c **39c**  
At 49c—Choice of All-Wool Black Venetian Zibeline, Whipcord and Storm Serges, worth up to 69c **49c**  
At 79c—54-inch All-Wool Black Heavy Etamine, suitable for early fall wear, and 54-inch All-Wool Black Skirting Cheviot; regular \$1 00 value **79c**

## Colored Dress Goods

New Fall Goods—Special Good Values at Very Low Prices to Start the Ball Rolling.

**18c** for New Granite Cloth Stripe Waistings; all the popular new colorings.  
**50c** for New All-Wool Crepe Etamines, Basket Cloth and Whipcords—special good value.  
**59c** for 45-inch All-Wool French Cheviot Serges and Clay Serges; 50 shades to select from—regular 75c value.

## Corsets.

Tape Girdles, in all sizes; 75c value—for **49 cents.**

## Ribbon Specials.

Visit our ribbon department. The acknowledged best department in St. Louis. See the new effects for Fall and Winter, and see how cheap you can buy them here.

Satin Taffetas 4 inches wide, all pure silk, all shades. Good quality. Actually worth 29c yd now **19c yd**  
Satin Taffetas 5 inches wide, all Pure Silk, all shades. Good quality. Actually worth 39c yd now **25c yd**

900 pieces all pure silk Black Taffeta, soft finish, Mirrored effect, 5 to 7 inches wide. Actually worth 69c yd. Now **25c yd**  
Large assortment of Fancy Pure Silk Ribbons. 3 inches to 6 inches wide. Prices ranging from 25c to 45c yd. All go at **15c yd**

## Millinery Department.

Now is the time to purchase your new hat for fall. We are showing the largest and best selected line of trimmed and ready-to-wear hats in the city and at lowest prices. By purchasing early you get the choice of the entire selection and at prices that cannot be duplicated later in the season.

Beautiful assortment of trimmed hats all colors. Actual price \$2.98; Now **\$2.25**  
500 Hats trimmed with wings, ribbon, flowers and foliage. Actually worth \$4 98; Now **\$3.75**  
Large line of ready-to-wear Hats made of Felts, plain and scratch velvet and chenille. Actually worth \$3 25; Now **\$2.25**  
Another large lot of ready-to-wear Hats, beautifully made and finished. Actually worth \$5 98; Now **\$4.50**

## Waists, Suits and Jackets.

Now 98c—To start the fall season, we will place on sale, this week, a grand bargain in ladies fine flannel Waists, all colors and black. Worth \$1 75 to \$2 75, to start the season, only **98c**  
Now \$4.98—We will have on sale this week, a special grand bargain in Ladies' Black Taffeta Silk Coffee Coats, Lace Trimmed. Were \$7.50; Now **\$4.98**  
Now \$1.00—Ladies all Wool, cloth dress Skirts. Were \$3.50 to \$4 50; Now **\$1.00**  
Now \$7.50—This week we will place on sale a great bargain in Ladies' Tailor-made Suits; colors, Blue, Castor, Tan, Brown, Gray and Oxford. Were \$16.50 to \$23 50; Now **\$7.50**

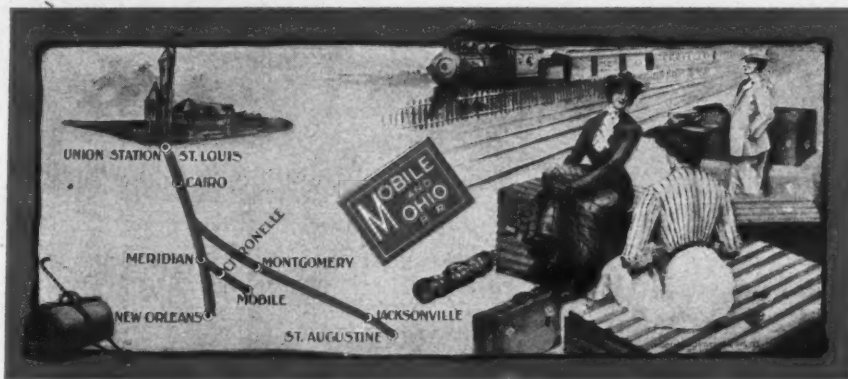
# D. Crawford & Co.,

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.



## The Mirror

THROUGH SLEEPING CARS  
between  
ST. LOUIS AND NEW ORLEANS  
and  
ST. LOUIS AND MOBILE.



DINING CARS  
SERVE  
ALL MEALS  
A LA CARTE ON  
ALL THROUGH TRAINS.



The Mirror

# Texas=Bound

In the Fall and Winter months, as the tide of travel sets Southward, one naturally feels some interest in the selection of a quick and comfortable route. The



Operates Fast Limited Trains to the prominent business centers of Oklahoma and Texas—trains lighted by electricity, and provided with Cafe Observation Cars, under the management of Fred Harvey.

**THERE'S NO BETTER ROUTE.**

**TICKET OFFICE: EIGHTH AND OLIVE STREETS.**

## CALIFORNIA

Via the **KATY SUNSET ROUTE** through

**San  
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**EXCURSION SLEEPING CARS TO SAN FRANCISCO**

Leave St. Louis, Tuesdays at 8:32 P M.

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**LOW COLONIST RATES DURING  
September and October.**

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